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BERNARD SHAW on PLAYWRIGHTS

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CONTENTS

	Page
COMMENTS	501
A FAIR DAY'S WAGE	504
NEW RISORGIMENTO. By Basil Davidson	504
LONDON DIARY. By Benn W. Levy	505
THIS ENGLAND	506
GREEN THOUGHTS IN COVENT GARDEN. By Sagittarius	506
HANNIBAL AND HIS ELEPHANTS. By Ritchie Calder	506
PICTURE OF BONN.—II. By Peter de Mendelssohn	507
SOCIALIST PIONEER. By Norman MacKenzie	508
SO THEY SAY . . . By Autolycus	509
POSTERS UP. By Richard Martin	509
THE PLAY OF IDEAS. By Bernard Shaw	510
GERALD BERNERS. By Constant Lambert	512
THE ARTS AND ENTERTAINMENT:	
Ivanov. By T. C. Worsley	512
The Movies. By William Whitebait	512
Music of the Spheres. By Desmond Shawe-Taylor	513
Television Notes. By W. E. Williams	514
Patrick Heron. By Basil Taylor	514
CORRESPONDENCE	514
From Tom Gittins; Christopher B. Wilson; Bernard Miles; Abu Tahir Mohammed Siddique; Sean O'Casey and others; Ronald Neame and others; J. Presser and others; and the Rev. H. C. Alexander.	
BOOKS IN GENERAL. By A. J. P. Taylor	517
CONVERSATION PIECE. By Robert Graves	518
REVIEWS:	
American Headache. By Walter Allen	518
The First Modern Novel. By V. S. Pritchett	520
Ambassadorial Journalism. By Alexander Werth	520
Still Kicking. By Michael Ramsbotham	522
New Novels. By J. D. Scott	522
The Siege of Jerusalem. By R. C. Wright	524
GRAMOPHONE NOTES. By Edward Sackville West	526
WEEK-END COMPETITIONS	528
CHESS. By Assiac	529

Bevin, Ben Gurion and Abdullah

THE decision to concede King Abdullah's right to Arab Palestine and simultaneously to give *de jure* recognition to Israel constitutes yet another of those unpredictable lurches, of which British Middle Eastern policy has consisted since 1936. At least, it is a lurch in the right direction.

No one, however, should under-rate the tensions and the dangers created last week by Mr. Kenneth Younger's statement. For many months, we have permitted Egypt and Irak to regard the blockade of Israel as a patriotic duty in line with British interests. We have granted a loan to the Iraqui sufficient to cover the loss of oil royalties caused by the closing of the pipe line; and we have encouraged the Egyptians to use their sterling balances for the acquisition of some of our most modern military equipment. We have also given the impression that the strengthening of the Arab League is the mainspring of our policy. In Baghdad and Cairo, therefore, the latest British move will be regarded as yet another "double-cross"; and King Farouk will now feel entitled to finance the efforts of the Mufti's murder gangs to liquidate King Abdullah.

Even in Tel-Aviv and Amman the news has been received with reserve. Both Ben Gurion and King Abdullah are by now very cautious about taking Foreign Office declarations at their face value. If Mr. Bevin is really in earnest about promoting a peace treaty between Israel and Jordan, he must give up hope of a new treaty with Egypt in the near future. But he does not seem to have done so. If he really desires good relations with Israel, he cannot refuse to sell her arms while he gives jet fighters to her enemies. But there is no sign of any change here. Finally, if he is willing to see the disruption of the Arab League and to persuade the other Arab States to settle with Israel, he must take some steps to end the Iraqui and Egyptian oil blockade. But today, two years after that blockade started, the Law Officers are still making up their minds whether it is legal or illegal. No wonder that Ben Gurion has not accepted Mr. Younger's statement in the House of Commons as a declaration of a settled British policy. After years of vacillation and double dealing, deeds are required to back up words.

Unexpectedly, the Middle East figures high on the agenda of the Big Power talks, due to begin in London next week. Since 1948, the Americans have been careful to avoid any commitments in the Middle East; and efforts will rightly be made by Mr. Bevin to modify their attitude. Some of his advisers would like him to suggest to Mr. Acheson that the U.S.A. and Israel should sign a treaty of alliance, or at least that Israel should be integrated into the North Atlantic Pact. This proposal would help no one. Israel is already far too dependent on the U.S.A.; and her natural desire is to counterbalance this, first by an alliance with Arab Jordan, and then by a British treaty and a British loan. This desire coincides with our own interests. If America is to intervene in the Middle East, it should not be in the one country where American domestic politics prevent any coherent policy. It must be remembered, too, that France is interested in the problem. The collapse of the Arab League, which the French always regarded with cordial dislike, provides the opportunity for a new Three Power accord on the Eastern Mediterranean.

But all this depends on one thing—a consistent British policy. At long last, Mr. Younger's statement has made such a policy possible. But there are trouble-makers in Whitehall and in Government service in the Middle East who care nothing for Cabinet directives and who will do everything to frustrate the new policy and resuscitate the Arab League in Cairo. It will take a lot more to scotch their schemes than a single Cabinet decision made in the absence of Ernest Bevin.

Australian Ban

The sweeping legislation under which the Australian Communists are to be banned seems vindictive and indefensible. Mr. Menzies, having included the outlawry of Communism in his election programme, is now proceeding to carry out this pledge without regard to the consequences. Not only does the law deny the Communist movement all legal political outlets, but it also authorises an enormous purge of individual party members, from the trade unions as well as from government service. It is justified by wild statements about the "Red Peril," "conditions of war," subversion and conspiracy. But there is no evidence at all of a clear and present danger to Australian security in the activities of the C.P. It may be a nuisance to Australian business, and exercise considerable influence in the trade unions. Individual members may, reasonably,

be transferred from highly confidential posts. Yet this infantile hysteria, induced partly by the big strikes last year, is out of all reason. It is difficult not to feel that it is in some degree a cover for a desire to weaken or smash militant trade unionism. It is even more difficult to believe that it will be successful in smashing the C.P., which has been driven underground before now in Australia. Mr. Menzies will earn the applause of Senator McCarthy and Lord Vansittart; but even in the U.S., where anti-Communism has reached extreme limits, the witch-hunters are restrained by Constitutional guarantees of basic liberties, and the belief of reasonable people that Communism cannot be stopped by crude repression.

Election in Belgium

Another general election, now scheduled for June 4, is the only way to break the deadlock between the main Belgian parties. Leopold refused to make any specific declaration about his own plans after he had temporarily delegated his powers to Prince Baudouin, and without this the Socialists declined to ratify the compromise worked out in the last few weeks. It was impossible to form a Cabinet which could bring the King back without conditions—although some Liberals were beginning to go over to the Social Christians' side—and the Social Christians refused to allow Leopold to make any further concessions.

Clearly, Belgium could not continue without a government, as it has done since the *consultation nationale* in March; but no government could be formed which enjoyed a parliamentary majority. The Regent Charles, therefore, has taken the only course left in permitting a dissolution. If the voting follows the same pattern as in March, the Social Christians may well secure an outright majority in both Chambers, for the royalists did obtain 57 per cent. of the poll. But many of these votes in March came from adherents of other parties, and it is not certain that the Social Christians can retain their votes at an election, as distinct from a referendum on a specific issue. If the Social Christians win, and are able to form a majority government, there is little doubt that they will press on with their plans to reinstate Leopold. But would a technical victory at an election remove a single one of the reasons why Leopold should not return? The political arguments against a single-party Monarch, opposed by nearly half the nation, remain as strong as ever.

Yugoslavia and Her Neighbours

Marshal Tito's suggestion that he might be willing to resume negotiations with Italy based on swopping Trieste for Gorizia has had an unfavourable reception in Rome. Strain, however, in the relations between Yugoslavia and her neighbours is evidenced more strikingly in the Note which has been presented in Belgrade by Bulgaria protesting at the treatment in Yugoslavia both of Bulgarian citizens and Aegean refugees who settled in Vardar Macedonia after the war and now wish to emigrate to Bulgaria, where many of them have family ties.

It is difficult to see why the Yugoslav authorities should wish to detain these refugees, a number of whom apparently possess Bulgarian citizenship. It seems still less defensible that the Yugoslav Government, as the Bulgarian Note alleges, should be forbidding the departure and confiscating the passports of Bulgarians—for example, a number of engineers and other technicians—who came to work temporarily in Yugoslavia during 1947-48. This may be regarded in Belgrade as legitimate "cold war" tactics; but if Marshal Tito really wants to qualify, in the eyes of the State Department and the Foreign Office, as a good "Western democrat," a little more respect for international law is surely indicated.

No-limit Meals

The decision to remove the 5s. limit on meals in restaurants is double-edged. In one sense it is realistic. The austerity which the regulation was supposed to enforce was never very effective, since luxury establishments, with tier on tier of cover charges, entertainment charges and other permitted extras, in fact supplied the rich with meals whose cost was three and four times the sanctioned limit. Apart from the consideration that these surcharges were allegedly annoying to dollar-spending tourists, the cost of eating even at relatively modest restaurants had become inflated by extortionate charges for coffee and drinks imposed to make up for lack of profit on a conventional 5s. meal. The new freedom may re-quicken the element of competition in the catering business and should not lead, on balance, to any great increase in the amount which most people habitually spend.

On the other hand, the lifting of the limit will almost certainly be regarded by the working class as one more departure from the conception of Fair Shares. Coupled with the fact that Mr. Webb's revision of the points system means that the poor can now obtain much less with their points, whereas the well-to-do can let themselves go freely on expensive canned meat, the institution of no-limit meals is bound to look like appeasement of the West End; and, if Ministers are going to be featured by the Tory press as participants in lavish public banquets, it will be difficult to persuade electors that austerity is any longer taken seriously by the Government.

There is nothing to be said in favour of austerity for austerity's sake; and the problem of controlling consumption when social justice rather than shortage becomes the main consideration is one which has yet to be solved. The immediate point is that by no stretch of the political imagination can continuance of the wage freeze be reconciled with this complete relaxation of restraint on restaurant meals.

Transport Problems

The Government's decision to permit a 16 per cent. increase in railway freight charges was an inevitable consequence to their refusal to grant a subsidy to the Transport Commission during its first period of re-organisation. This nationalised industry, it is argued, must work out its own salvation without any exterior assistance; and Mr. Barnes no doubt hopes that the very large profits amassed by the railways during the war, combined with the present profits of the Road Haulage Executive, will be sufficient to cover the Commission's losses during the period of reconstruction. No doubt there is a certain political advantage in being able to assert that no public money is being spent to make up the railways' deficit, though to judge from Mr. Churchill's angry interventions in the House of Commons last week, few people are even aware of this fact. But does this advantage outweigh the grievous injustice which this policy involves for the railway worker and the railway user alike? Unlike the miner, whose wages after nationalisation were raised at the cost of the consumer, and the farmer who receives 43 per cent. of the price for the food he grows as a present from a generous Government, the railway worker must accept a first charge of £32,000,000 annually for compensation as the reason why his wages must remain sub-standard, while the consumer pays increased prices for rail transport and now, owing to the increased petrol tax, for buses as well. If a policy had been designed to make the nationalisation of transport unpopular, it would not have differed very greatly from that of Mr. Barnes.

Morrison on Socialisation

Herbert Morrison is almost the only Cabinet Minister whose speeches give the impression that he is not too busy to think. His speech last week-end at High Wycombe showed that he has taken to heart the plain evidence of recent months that the Labour programme of public ownership and control in industry needs thinking out afresh. He accepted cordially the recent demand of the Co-operative leaders that Co-operative ownership be regarded as an alternative to nationalisation, and as coming within the definition of "public ownership," laid down in the Labour Party Constitution as the Party's objective. He went out of his way to say that nationalisation is only one of the possible ways of socialising industry, and also that socialisation is not just a matter of transferring ownership to a public corporation.

As Mr. Morrison has been the principal architect and defender of the public corporation type of enterprise, these words, coming from him, have a special significance. So has his reference to Development Councils, such as that recently set up in the furniture trade under the Act of 1947. So far, other private enterprise industries have fought shy of the Act, and there has been a good deal said on the Labour side about the need to strengthen it so as to force the recalcitrants to come in. Mr. Morrison did not go into any detail on any of these matters; nor did he tell the Co-operators that, if they mean to stake out a claim for a "Co-operative sector" in the economy of the future, it is high time for them to do a bit of constructive thinking for themselves. What he did was to indicate that the Labour Party itself has an open mind about its future socialisation programme, but sticks firmly to its broad principle that, in one way or another, the essentials of a planned, controlled economy must be secured.

Utility Goods

Mr. Morrison, in speaking of the Furniture Council, praised it for its success in producing "high-grade, well-designed utility furniture," which has been indeed its principal achievement. The most important immediate

objective of Development Council policy should clearly be to get utility schemes into sound working order over the widest possible range of consumer goods. Utility products ought to be in all cases good, plain stuff, not shoddy; and they should be pleasant and well designed.

These results, however, are not, as Mr. Harold Wilson is finding in his dealings with the cotton industry, at all easy to reconcile with adequacy of supply. The more quality is insisted on in price-controlled lines, the greater is the business man's temptation to divert his machinery to making luxury goods, on which he can earn higher and easier margins. In the case of cotton, the employers are trying to get the Board of Trade to raise the permitted prices of utility lines, which they complain of as too low. The prices allowed must, of course, be enough to enable reasonably efficient firms to earn a sufficient margin; but, as long as shortages persist, there will be strong pressure for high enough prices to yield good profits to inefficient producers; and to allow this would defeat the purpose of the "utility" scheme.

The forms of control and of action through Development Councils best adapted to get the right balance in this respect need careful thinking out. Utility goods have come, we hope, to stay; and that involves finding means of getting adequate supplies of them on terms fair to efficient firms without falling into the pit of subsidising the inefficient who, if they cannot mend their ways, need putting out of business.

The Dockers go Back

The dock strike of last week yielded to threats mixed with persuasions. The dispute over Shaw, Savill's attempt to replace stevedore gangs by permanently employed dockers remains unsettled, and nearly led to a fresh stoppage as the men went back to work; but the stevedore's leaders managed to persuade the men to await the result of negotiations. On the main issue, the unofficial Port Committee has failed to induce the Transport and General Workers' Union to re-open the case of the expelled men, but the Union is putting no obstacles in the way of their employment at the docks as non-members. An attempt by some of the unofficial leaders to promote a breakaway from the Union met with little response, and was not persisted in.

Now there is to be a Government inquiry into the whole question, including the constitution of the dock labour scheme and the changes in the organisation of port work that have resulted from it. The problem that has to be solved is that of retaining the advantages of decasualisation and wage-security while enabling the men to continue their traditional specialisation of work and their custom of working together in fairly continuous gangs. The inquiry, if it is to serve any good purpose, will have to get below the surface—the unofficial Port Committee's power and the Communist rôle in it—to the root causes of the trouble in the human relations involved in the present system of port work. For one thing, it will have to ask whether good working relations can be expected when a man has in effect always two employers over him—the firm whose work he is doing and the Dock Labour Board on which his Union is represented—and also whether a Union which becomes virtually an employer can continue to be a Union to which the dockers will look for help.

The French "Plan"

Our Paris Correspondent writes: M. Bidault is no fool. His "Supreme Atlantic Council for Peace" may, in reality, turn out to be only another "organ" added to the already numerous "organs" working under the Marshall Plan and the Atlantic Pact; and whether it will give coherence to what is to-day incoherent remains to be seen. But though the French to-day may be unimportant as an economic and military force in the world, they at least have an old virtue—their capacity for ideas. In a recent *Monde* article, clearly inspired by the Premier, M. Servan Schreiber described the technicalities of the French "plan", but added that these are not the main thing. What is really at the back of Bidault's mind, he suggested, is the establishment of a "Post-capitalist Atlantic Bloc."

Such a Bloc, according to M. Schreiber, could in the long run stand up to Communism if—but only if—it adapted itself to the stupendous technical revolution that is taking place in the United States and, to some extent, in Western Europe to-day. Cut-throat competition between European countries and America must be eliminated; the economies of the two must be brought together much more closely; technical progress—which should normally, before very long, help to produce 12 million unemployed in America alone—must not be allowed to bring about precisely those consequences for which the Russians are hoping, and which will mean the collapse of the capitalist order. Marxist proletarianisation must be avoided by creating a closer organic unity between America and Western Europe and a "post-capitalist" society superior to Communist society. That is how, in the end, the Cold War will be won.

This long-term technical organisation of the Atlantic Bloc naturally goes on the assumption that there will be no Hot War. Whether this successful technological revolution, simultaneously in the United States and Western Europe, presupposes the establishment of some form of authoritarian super-government that would dictate its will both to labour and capital is a point on which the Bidault "plan" obviously prefers not to dwell. By its implications it confirms the Russian diagnosis of all the ailments of the capitalist world; but, instead of agreeing that the only outcome can be death, it proposes a drastic new cure which would "renew the tissues."

The "plan" is put forward partly as a precaution against the spread of what is called here American neo-isolationism, *i.e.*, an approach to Europe which consists in treating it not so much as a "partner" as a "satellite" which must henceforth simply obey America's orders because, in the last few years, it has proved its inability to pull its proper weight. Certainly, if the French "plan" were to succeed in making all the "Atlantic" countries share in a common prosperity derived from what to-day is "overproduction," and if it could thus painlessly kill economic discontent and sterilise the seeds of Communism in both America and Western Europe, it would be a grandiose achievement. But already the difficulties are apparent—among them, American suspicion of European scrounging, of a plot to interfere with American sovereignty, and even of attempts to inflict on the Atlantic Bloc something dangerously reminiscent of Socialist planning.

PARLIAMENT: Party Manoeuvres

Wednesday.

The Lords are selective in their exercise of valour's better part. They were reluctant to give more than two hours to Lord Stansgate's gallant effort to curb Lord Vansittart's heresy-hunting, but they cheerfully devoted two days to debating Coalition—a subject reserved by the Commons for confidential gossip.

All the party leaders are aware that there is no reason save the parliamentary deadlock for talking Coalition. Lord Elton could not point to what Churchill called a "blinding emergency," whilst Lord Blackford, who stigmatised the Welfare State as "less work, more pay," suggested that Labour voters were determined to enjoy the present crisis for as long as possible. We agree, said Addison for the Government, on foreign policy and defence, and we already consult together; but we are divided on the diagnosis and treatment of our domestic troubles.

It's the *mystique* of the "national" appeal, the "country before party" line of Elton and the Admirals, that attracts Churchill. An arrangement with the Liberals, designed to give fairer shares of seats, would give a more "national" appearance, and there are Liberals besides Lords Reading and Rennell who look over their right shoulders. Two days after Churchill had flown his kite, Lord Samuel was saying in the Lords that the disagreement in the nation amounted to "a great division of principle between the Labour Party on the one hand and the other two Parties on the other hand"—the issue of Socialism.

Liberals have now voted with Tories, thereby endangering the life of the Government, on coal, tax increases, and transport. Two of the nine in the Commons, Messrs. Wade and Hopkin Morris, were unopposed by Tories at the election. They can point to Churchill's suggestion of an enquiry on electoral reform and Morrison's brusque rejection of it. But Mr. Clement Davies appreciates the importance of sitting on the fence. Unlike other party leaders, he has not fallen under the spell of his own propaganda, though he may have a ten-year-old hangover about office. Knowing the Liberal power is an illusion, he's prepared to discuss arrangements that might give the Liberals a few more seats. Although the Liberals had decided to vote against the petrol tax before Churchill's speech, Mr. Davies privately conferred with the party leaders as if his vital votes were in the balance.

Tory backbenchers, like Liberal voters, are by no means united in their attitude to these manœuvres. Many think that the campaign against "wasted votes" was relatively successful and that Liberal intervention often disfavours Labour. Unless one can be sure that the Liberal votes in seats held by Tories and associates on minority polls can be delivered, a bargain might prove to be a boomerang.

Meanwhile, Labour members are bemused. Government optimists talk—some more emphatically than ever—of prolonging this Parliament on the ground that the economic situation will improve; but most sensible backbenchers with Socialist backgrounds realise that it cannot continue if majorities depend on Mr. Granville's fixed-time 'phone calls, unless there is the kind of "under the counter" coalition suggested by Lord Strabolgi. Groping for issues, they wonder for whose votes Mr. Morrison is bidding. Is it to the middle class (and Liberal voter) or to the low-paid worker that Labour needs to strengthen its appeal? If to the latter, Mr. Barnes was peculiarly inept in failing to stress a square deal for the railwaymen as the chief reason for increasing freight charges.

STEPHEN SWINGLER

A Fair Day's Wage

THE real significance of this year's Budget was not what it contained, but what it omitted. The trade union leaders had warned Sir Stafford that, unless a great deal could be done through the Budget to ease the position of the lower paid workers, the wage freeze would melt away within a few months. Sir Stafford's response to this appeal was an income tax concession which helped virtually no married man earning less than £6 a week. The implication was that, in his judgment, budgetary policy, in fact, cannot offset sub-standard wages. By making this so brutally clear, the Chancellor no doubt hopes to force the trade union leaders into accepting the necessity of a wages policy. Indeed, he indicated discreetly in his Budget statement that, if the trade unions continue to practise "free enterprise," the beginnings of our Socialist-planned economy will be broken, and we shall revert to boom and bust.

It is easy enough to state this in general terms to the House of Commons. Anyone can see that, in the long run, full employment is incompatible with the catch-as-catch-can of old-fashioned collective bargaining and can only be sustained by a planned allocation of the national income—so much for capital investment, so much for exports, so much for the consumer. Theoretically, it has always been clear that the practices of traditional trade unionism cannot be reconciled with the requirements of a Socialist economy. A Socialist Chancellor of the Exchequer should be able, on each Budget Day, to declare a national dividend, and to state his proposals for allocating it. This, indeed, is the way in which Communist planning works. Our problem is how to combine this total planning with democracy, and in particular how to persuade the trade unions to reform their structure and re-define their functions without causing a revolt among the rank and file.

Let us try to sort the problem out. In the first place, the Government and the T.U.C. must immediately take steps to ensure tolerable wages for the lowest paid workers in each trade and industry, and, in particular, in the nationalised industries. In doing this, however, they must not overlook the fact that there are many skilled men on time work whose claims cannot be postponed. A rational wages policy must retain adequate differentials between differing degrees of skill and responsibility either in the same or related industries. In the second place, there is the perennial problem of the wide differences of earnings between piece-workers and time-workers of equal skill; and between those who do not suffer unduly under a wage freeze, because they can work overtime at special rates, and those who do suffer grave injustice because they cannot. Thirdly, there is the problem of the right relations between wages and salaries. This involves such big issues as the payments to be paid to teachers, nurses, civil servants and so on in relation both to manual workers' wages and to the salaries paid to graduates and other technically qualified persons. And lastly, there is the demand for a wages structure that will bring about a more satisfactory division of the available man-power between essential and non-essential occupations.

None of these problems is new; but they have all taken on a new urgency as a result of war and economic change. The premium on skill has become much narrower, with dangerous possibilities for the future maintenance of essential crafts. But, at the same time, there is an urgent demand for special increases for the worst paid grades only—a concession which would narrow the margins still more. At the same time, the policy of Fair Shares, reinforced by much higher taxation to pay for improved social services, has hit the lower salary earners, who for the most part cannot get their own back by working overtime or on piece work. In addition, there have been big changes in the degrees of skill required in different occupations and in the profitability of various industries.

All this has happened at a peculiarly awkward time, when it is necessary for national reasons to limit total consumption and therefore to prevent wage increases that, in face of shortage of supplies, would be bound to have inflationary effects. In the past, wage adjustments have been made mainly in two ways—either by raising particularly low rates in good times by more than other rates, or by employers taking advantage of depression and unemployment to cut some rates more than others. To-day full employment excludes the second, and the general stringency the first method: so that we get a wage freeze which stabilises an illogical wage structure.

In these circumstances what can a "national wages policy" mean in practice? Three things. (1) An attempt by the Government in consultation with the trade unions and employers (including the nationalised section) to reach agreement about the total sum that can be afforded each year for the "wages fund," with the necessary elasticity in relation to changes in actual production. (2) The acceptance of the policy of a national minimum wage. (3) An attempt to lay down a few broad rules about the relations between wages and salaries and about the differentials to be allowed for higher skill and responsibility. But it must be realised that, until there is more room for manœuvre by increasing the "wages fund," these three things cannot be combined with an attempt to use wage differences as means of bringing about a better distribution of man-power between industries.

Finally, the three principles here laid down clearly cannot be applied without the question of profits being raised as well: for the size of the "wages fund" can be determined only in connection with the distribution of the rest of the national income. Thus, wages policy is intimately bound up with the whole question of tax policy. The worker who accepts wage restraint actually loses the increased wage he would otherwise have earned; the dividend drawer merely sees his profits piling up in reserve when he accepts dividend limitation. There is no equality of sacrifice here! A wages policy therefore implies a profits policy, under which the State not only limits the distribution of dividends when desirable, but acquires the surplus profit by means of a levy or tax on capital.

The implications of the demand for a wages policy, therefore, are far more revolutionary than the nationalisation of basic industries; and the task cannot even be begun until the whole issue has been discussed and understood by the rank and file trade unionists. If Sir Stafford means what he said so discreetly in his Budget speech, the Labour Party and the trade union leaders must undertake immediately a vast educational campaign, and the proposal for a wages and profits policy should become the centre piece of the next election programme.

New Risorgimento

ANYONE who cares to loiter in the Piazza Pretoria near the *Quattro Canti* of Palermo may read, among others, one memorable inscription beside the balcony from which Giuseppe Garibaldi proclaimed the liberation of Sicily. *On October 21, 1860*, runs the wording, *the People of Sicily voted its desire for an Italy one and indivisible. . . . Of 432,720 voters, 432,053 were in favour.* But the Risorgimento, which Garibaldi and the Thousand carried with flame and fire across the Straits of Messina and upward into the Kingdom of Naples, failed to deliver an Italy that was "one and indivisible." Territorial unification there might be; but of social and economic unification there was, and there was to be, desperately little. The Risorgimento faltered and fell short of its goal.

The division between North and South, already sharp beneath the rule of the House of Piedmont and of Naples, was rendered immensely more painful, and gradually intolerable, by the industrialisation of the North. Two Italies entered the twentieth century side by side, envious and hateful of each other, the one despising, the other bitterly resentful. While the North forged ahead, the South remained in medieval backwardness. And as time went by, and the coming of Fascism further exacerbated these painful divisions, the hostility between North and South merged into another division still more painful and more generally felt—the struggle between the old and the new now convulsing Italy.

The workers of the North were not always quick to understand that the condition of the peasants of the South was an aspect of the social repression from which they themselves were suffering. Yet, as early as 1914, we find the radical wing of the Socialist Party of Turin (later to be Communist) resolving, if they could, "to elect a deputy for the peasants of Apulia." They offered a vacant candidature at Turin to Salvemini, because the general election of 1913 had shown "the vast majority of the peasants of Molfetta and Bitonto to support Salvemini," although "the pressure and the violence of the authorities" had prevented Salvemini from being elected. "Once elected, Salvemini shall take his orders from the peasants of Apulia, and not from the workers of Turin." Salvemini refused the honour; but the gesture spoke volumes for what was to happen later.

The example is thirty-six years old, yet applies vividly to-day. It was this understand-

ing of the need to complete the Risorgimento which animated the thoughts of the Committees of National Liberation which came together at the risk of their lives after September 1943, and emerged from their obscurity at the end of the war on the high wave of insurrection. The partisans who drove the Germans and the *Repubblichini* from the cities of the North were mostly workers and men of the towns; yet their programme envisaged a social revolution which should give the South its chance at last. They wanted essentially the *structural* modernisation of Italy. Their programme was jettisoned by Allied Military Government; the chance was lost in the backwash of reaction; but the knowledge of the need for it remained, and is potent to-day.

The political struggle between the old and the new in Italy is characterised by two factors not present, for example, in France or Western Germany. These factors, which are certainly of high importance, are the existence of a strong Socialist party standing for genuine social change, and secondly a militant alliance between workers and peasants. The gesture of the workers of Turin is now repeated daily in a hundred instances. During the occupation of *latifondi* by the peasants of the South these last six months, urban trade unions have taken up collections, declared strikes of sympathy, supported the peasants who have taken land in every way they could.

Care has been taken to see that only the lands of really large estates are occupied; during last summer's unprecedented strike of working peasants in Emilia, men employed by small farmers were told not to join in; and great efforts are being made to avoid the mistake of the early 'twenties, when Leftist extremism permitted the Fascists to gain the sympathy of the smaller landowners and the wealthier peasants. These efforts have proved fairly successful. Sometimes they have yielded surprising results. Two recent cases from Sardinia illustrate this. When peasants occupied the abandoned *latifondi* around Alghero, in the province of Cagliari, a month or so ago, a delegation representing all the shopkeepers of that town visited the *Confederterra*—the peasants' central trade union—to offer wine, olive oil and other food to the peasants. At Macomer, also in Sardinia, a small wool manufacturer co-operated with the *Confederterra* in organising the occupation of abandoned acres. An example of another kind comes from the province of Catanzaro in Calabria. Here the peasants have invaded shooting reserves and cleared the ground of shrubs and undergrowth; the resulting wood they pile up but do not sell, asking instead for wages. Elsewhere they have begun to care for abandoned olive groves, not contesting their ownership but demanding pay for this productive labour.

It is a struggle, now more than ever, for allies. The plan of "first aid for the national economy" which was lately published by the Italian Confederation of Labour—representing the great majority of trade unionists—was one to which all the parties of the Centre could well subscribe—if only their leaders would let them. Speaking of this, the Communist review *Rinascità* made this significant comment:

> No possible collaboration must be rejected by the working class, on condition it be clear that it is a change of direction we insist upon. Let the "reformists" come forward, no matter from what side. There is no "reform" in favour of work and justice which can be against us, for we are the people themselves who work and look for justice.
>
> What must be achieved is that all men who really desire the reinvigoration and renewal of our country should come together, understand one another, and go forward together.

The political alliance of the Socialists with the Communists is the second potent aspect of this struggle for allies. No one who has tested in argument the temper of Socialist leaders such as Nenni, Basso, and Pertini, or has spent an evening with rank-and-file Socialist deputies like Faralli (who, for instance, was a foundation member of the Ligurian Committee for National Liberation, and suffered appallingly at the hands of the Gestapo rather than betray his fellow-members), will believe for a moment that these men are anything but profoundly democratic and passionately sincere. He will soon be made a fool of if he thinks they are in the least unaware of their position and its implications. They are nobody's stooges, but brave men who have survived to criticise the mistakes of their party in the 'twenties (as witness Nenni's remarkable *Storia de Quattro Anni*), when Fascism climbed to power through the chaos of Left-wing dissensions. Their thoughts to-day upon their former colleagues—Saragat, Romita, Silone, and others—and upon the position of the Socialist Party in Italy may be measured by a statement Nenni lately made to the American *Monthly Review*:

> Not only has Social Democracy shamelessly betrayed the working class, but it has even gone so far as to make impossible the neutralisation of Western Europe . . .
>
> The perspectives for 1950 are struggle and combat. On the political level, on the social level, in the organisation of the peace movement, it is up to us to reconquer the positions which have been lost . . .
>
> It is only if we succeed that the Socialist parties can again take their place in the vanguard of the class struggle.

The line-up in Italy, accordingly, is like nothing else in Western Europe. On the one side there is the Government of De Gasperi, its roots in the past, its present strength almost exclusively in a powerful police force, in dollar subsidies, and in the ever-present threat of American intervention. On the other side there are the parties of the Left—campaigning now as never before on a platform where every man of enlightened patriotism is invited to take his place. And the issue, plainly enough, is the structural modernisation of a country which is now, from the economic point of view, dying on its feet—a modernisation which every thinking Italian, unless he is blinded by Catholic or capitalist prejudice, knows to be necessary for the survival of his country. It is ninety years since Garibaldi drove the Bourbons from Italy. But it may be that the forces of a new Risorgimento are now, through the haze and complexity of contemporary events, at last gathering their strength.

BASIL DAVIDSON

London Diary

I HAD dinner recently with a group of ex-colleagues in the House of Commons. As Morgan Phillips was also invited, discussion turned readily upon the last and next General Elections. In spite of a Labour poll larger than that achieved by any single Party at any time in the past, in spite of an adverse turnover of votes amounting to not much more than 3 per cent., here we were with a parliamentary majority reduced to a point that must make good, audacious government impossible. The familiar analytical post-mortem began. Policy apart, the Tories had more money, as they are always likely to. It has been credibly estimated that they and their commercial allies have spent no less than between five and six million pounds for electioneering purposes since 1945. This covers not only immense advertising costs but also well-paid, stable local organisers and auxiliaries to compete with the *ad hoc*, voluntary guerrilla bands that Labour can muster during Elections but which tend to evaporate between them. Even so, the largest, single mechanical factor was re-distribution.

* * *

Issues of policy and of tactics were, as usual, more controversial. No voice was raised in defence of the last electoral manifesto, the weakling product of a reluctant conjugation between the two wings of the Executive. This thing of shreds and patches, it was felt, was no substitute for a brave banner. The next prospectus must not be a petty catalogue, but an inspiriting, general affirmation of Socialism. But this, too, has its dangers. It could be so general as to lack impact. It could be an evasion of democracy. It could be a refuge for those who hesitate to commit themselves to specifics. Clearly the specifics listed in the last manifesto, non-inflammable though many of them were, cannot be quietly dropped. Either we meant them or we did not. Circumstances will not have changed sufficiently to excuse recantation. But they must fall into place as tributary apparatus in the journey to that new land which it should be our purpose to picture more coherently. My own conviction is that such a picture must be dramatised by the choice of one overriding controversial issue, deliberately designed to point the reality of the Tory-Socialist cleavage.

Nothing, I believe, was more damaging in February than the suggestion that basically not much divides us from "modern" Conservatism. As a party dependent on voluntary effort, that is the one notion supremely calculated to knock the heart out of us. Contemporary party politics must not dwindle into a choice between contending personalities. In such a contest Churchill is an electoral asset: in a battle of principle he is a liability—*vide* 1945. Since, therefore, there is a limit to the electoral effectiveness both of generalities and of heterogeneous details, only two roads to the recovery of a practicable Labour majority remain. One is the choice of a robust, rip-roaring, fundamental electoral issue: the other is a short intermediate term of Tory government. Elementary patriotism dictates the former.

The Times is despondent about the progress of the Cold War in the Far East, the area where indeed it is warmest. It writes off China unquestioningly as a defection to the opposing camp. I doubt whether such defeatism is very well-informed. The first dispassionate observer I have met with first-hand experience of Communist China is Patrick FitzGerald, who has only been back in England a few weeks. He has the advantage not only of speaking Chinese, but of knowing Chiang's China as well as Mao's; and, indeed, as a scholar, all the innumerable preceding Chinas as well. He counts himself Conservative in politics, but is in no doubt about the solidity and popularity on the independence of the new régime. It is a pity, FitzGerald thinks, that we didn't quite beat the Kremlin to the winning-post in announcing recognition; for let no one suppose that we are dealing with a Government whose Communism is stronger than its nationalism. And he has much confirmatory evidence for this view. I hope he will have a chance of correcting or corroborating, directly to the Foreign Secretary or at least to the Minister of State, the dispatches of our official representatives, few, if any, of whom can have the same knowledge of the country or the same entrées. Diplomats are doomed to live in a parish. Their parochialism is not their fault but, since it qualifies their judgment, no opportunity should be lost of counter-checking.

* * *

The ever-fattening and ever-encroaching waves of radio and, more especially, television breed their Canutes, of whom I am one. The role is, of course, a little ridiculous and even in doubtful historical company. But we are Luddites with, I think, a difference. I welcome and am fascinated by washing machines, cake-mixing machines, heating machines and freezing machines, but I have qualms about entertainment machines. Yes, I know the organ and the violin and the Pipes of Pan are entertainment machines; and the logician can make hay of us. But we have two fair arguments, obscurants though we be. One is that this excessive facilitation of external entertainment may gradually atrophy our own inventiveness and wither our resources, breeding a race of congenital spectators, their analysed needs punctually supplied by a trained commercial caste. The other is the danger to the artist of making him dependent on popular rather than eclectic patronage. Art may be necessarily universal but not necessarily popular. Only the trained and gifted few may apprehend the universal. It is usually the adventitious element in a major work of art that earns it its popularity. This notion shocks a lot of people, but only those who make the error of supposing that democracy is the doctrine that majorities are always right. In fact, it is the doctrine that minorities must always be protected. Against myself, however, it must be conceded that the radio has increased the minority who can tolerate good music.

* * *

Since it should be easier to be a farmer and a writer than a M.P. and a writer, my wife and I have, for many months, been looking for a working farm (which, by the way, at current inflated market prices is more likely to be, for the purchaser, a bed of nettles than a bed of feathers). Two minor curiosities have struck us, one in the behaviour of estate agents. They demand with great particularity what are our requirements. "A family house," we say, "seven or eight bedrooms, about 100 acres or more, within a 60-mile radius of London, excluding the South and South-east." They note it solemnly. A few days pass and in comes a 20-roomed house with 5 acres near Croydon, then a 1,000-acre farm with three bedrooms in Shropshire, and so on without cease. After months of this kind of thing I enquired why it was common practice. The reason appears to be very simple. Nine times out of ten the applicant who insists lucidly upon one thing eventually purchases its exact opposite. The original taking down of particulars is little more than a conventional courtesy.

The other mystery, that of property in East Sussex and the Kent border, my friend was unable to explain. "This favoured area" is apparently so favoured that prices are delirious. Yet, contradictorily, it is here that properties are most continually on the market. It would seem to be an area where everybody wants to settle and which everybody wants to leave.

* * *

An M.P. gave an interview to a constituent. It appeared that he had swallowed 105 aspirins, had been found unconscious, stomach-pumped, restored to health and charged with attempted suicide. He was remanded and the Governor of the prison advised him to plead guilty. So also did the counsel, kindly appointed by a wealthier friend. His own wish, tenaciously expressed, was to plead not guilty. At length, however, he was overridden. The case was duly tried and he was imprisoned for six months. On his release he went to the chemist, purchased and again swallowed 105 aspirins. He was discovered in time, stomach-pumped, charged with attempted suicide and this time pleaded not guilty. He was acquitted. Now he had come to demand from his M.P. what redress he had against the prison Governor, counsel and all those who had contributed to his wrongful imprisonment. Many are the uses of Parliamentary representation.

BENN W. LEVY

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the First entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a POSTCARD.

It was explained that a council tenant of a requisitioned house was also the owner of the house and paid the council £57 rent. . . .

Meanwhile the council paid the official requisition order of £60 a year, plus £17 17s. 6d. rates and £10 repairs—a total of £87 17s. 6d. a year.—*News Chronicle*. (F. P. Tushingham.)

The bee's sting, being a screw-thread, can be extracted if one allows the bee to unscrew it, and Woods remarked how amusing it was to watch a row of bees on his arm slowly unscrewing themselves by walking round and round.—*Radio Times*. (S. J. Deane.)

There is no reason to think that there will be pianos in the next world.—*The Universe*. (Lesley Blake.)

GREEN THOUGHTS IN COVENT GARDEN

How roundly does the State upbraid
The fruit and vegetable trade,
While urging wives to boycott shops
Which profiteer on turnip-tops
When dearth domestic war provokes
Round cauliflowers and artichokes.
How forcefully it intervenes,
How loudly Webb cries "Stinking Greens"!

Consumers, hearing, might believe
The State abundance could achieve
(Dangling before the public nose
Carrots not singly but in rows)
By multiplying all that sprouts,
Impervious to decay and droughts,
Through heavenly delegated powers
To regulate the sun and showers.

But prices, frozen once by law,
No plenteous crop did ever thaw,
The statutory maximum
Kept luscious pear and juicy plum
Far from the common shopper's reach.
As nectarine and curious peach,
While seasonable garden stuff,
State-marketed, cost quite enough.

The State, its battle being lost
Against increase in living-cost,
Desires the rise in fats and tea
Offset by gift greengrocery,
Though neither shopkeeper nor grower
The economic price can lower.
The trade stands fast; wives will not yield,
And rotten cabbage strews the field.

State agitation is designed
To please the housewife's tiny mind,
And breed a vegetable hate
Against all traders but the State,
Which could do—what no housewife can—
Annihilate the middleman.
But till it does, though women brawl,
Greenstuff will rise but never fall.

SAGITTARIUS

Hannibal and his Elephants

WITH some trepidation, I put my stock question to the Military Governor of the French Sahara, Colonel Quenard. One does not trifle lightly with a man whose writ of life-and-death runs over an area considerably larger than France itself. "Where," I asked him, "did Hannibal get his elephants?" That childish question was one of the most useful parts of my equipment for the Unesco mission which took me through the deserts of North Africa and the Middle East. I was, and still am, quite prepared for the sarcastic answer, "Why, every schoolboy knows . . ." and to be told that my education has been shockingly neglected. That is beside the point; my question was the gambit which opened up serious discussions in desert outposts and, in the end, provided the clues to many of my problems

Consider. Some experts maintain that the Carthaginian elephants must have come from Asia, arguing, against modern experience, that the African elephant could not have been tamed and disciplined. If, however, they came from,

say, India, the deserts they had to cross could not have been the deserts which I have seen; they must have had more water and more vegetation. On the other hand, if they were the African species and came from Central Africa, then the Sahara or, if they came by way of the Nile Valley, the Libyan and Western Deserts could not have been what they are to day: the treks must have been much shorter and the oases more frequent. Thirdly, if North Africa itself was their habitat, then areas which are now desolation and desert must have been forest and jungle.

Although it is a matter for debate, it seems to be generally agreed (certainly by the many experts with whom I discussed it in the areas themselves) that, in the intervening 2,200 years, the climate and rainfall have not drastically altered, so that this elephant-hunt of mine was a useful way of distinguishing between "climatic" and "man-made" deserts. A climatic desert can be defined as one where the rainfall is insufficient to maintain life. A man-made desert is one where life, in the form of vegetation and hence of animals and humans, has existed, and where men's intervention has destroyed it. That would hold even for the vanished oases of the Sahara, since the destruction of forests and cover—hundreds, perhaps thousands of miles away—may have lowered the water-table by encouraging surface run-off, instead of helping the mountain rains to seep into the underground water-courses.

I need not have worried about Colonel Quenard's reaction; it was one of his pet subjects, which engrossed him both as a soldier and as an administrator. He rose from his desk, crossed the room to the massive military map of the Sahara, and took his pointer. "Hannibal," he said, without qualification, "got his elephants from there." "There" was the valley of the Guir, an "oued" or "wadhi" which comes down in spate from the mountains of Morocco four or five times a year and spends itself in the thirsty sands of the Sahara. In support, he produced the evidence of Suetonius Paulinus who, in A.D. 47, surveyed the Forest of the Guir, with its elephants, lions, panthers and reptiles.

So I went to the Guir. The "Forest" is now naked desert, but it will not be so much longer. I saw the beginnings of agricultural developments which will bring back into production 50,000 acres of the rich silt of the wadhi and, Colonel Quenard claims, will supply enough grain for all the nomads of the Sahara. At Fort Abadla, the military post for the Guir, I put my question to the commander. Like his colonel, he was confident about the elephants of the Guir. "And what happened?" I asked. He led me to an embrasure and pointed across the desert to a hill, about twelve miles away, with a domed marabout on top. "There," he said, "is the tomb of Sid Tayeb, a very powerful marabout, who might be called the St. Patrick of the nomads."

He produced a manuscript of the Arab legend, which told how Sid Tayeb lived in the great Forest of the Guir, with its elephants, lions, panthers and horned vipers, and how he was bitten by a reptile. As he was dying, he cried out to all the wild beasts: "Sid Tayeb, in the name of Allah, invites you to leave for ever the Forest of the Guir of which he declares himself the protector." Six days later all the animals fled from the forest into oblivion. But it was the postscript of the legend which held my answer: "And he bequeathed the forest to his followers and they cut it down."

"And they cut it down"—that is the tragic litany of the whole of North Africa and the Middle East, whether it was the followers of Sid Tayeb destroying the Forest of the Guir; or the Crusaders axing the oaks of Sharon, the "enchanted forest" of Palestine; or the Bedouins of Libya, celebrating the victory of the Eighth Army by cutting down or tearing up a million trees which the Italians had planted to arrest and restore the desert.

The ravaging of trees and shrubs is a fetish with the desert nomads, but it derives from primitive necessity. The desert is bitterly cold at nights (I can testify that its winds can be scourgingly cold even at high noon); food has to be cooked and water boiled for the green tea which is at once the weakness and the solace of the Arab; and women, who share with camel and donkey the role of beasts of burden, will scour the desert in bands, on journeys which may take a week, to collect the fuel for the encampment or the village. The camel-drivers, or the shepherds and goatherds, when they camp for the night, will just set fire to a growing shrub, and, when one bush burns out, will move on to the next, until the night landscape in the desert is glinting with burning bushes.

What the fuel-gatherer starts, the infernal goat finishes. The sapling which dares reassert itself is torn up by the roots; the young trees are debarked and their branches stripped of leaves by the omnivorous goat. The soil, without trees to act as an umbrella and a parasol, is scoured by the rare but torrential rains and desiccated by the sun. Stripped of the plants which knit and hold it, it is snatched up by the unbridled winds, and swirled away in blinding dust-storms and in the sand-blast of the *khamseen*. It smothers palmeries and villages to-day as it buried the Lost Civilisations in the past. It piles up the mountainous dunes of the Erg which, in turn, move as an inexorable front, like slow-motion Atlantic rollers. The deserts begin to march.

Hannibal's elephants might not seem to have particular relevance to my Unesco mission, which was to find out for the Natural Sciences Division what is happening in desert research stations, with special reference to fluid mechanics and hydrology. The General Conference of Unesco, meeting in Florence at the end of May, will be considering a proposal for a Research Council to co-ordinate and facilitate work on problems of the Arid Zones—the deserts of five of the six inhabited continents. We chose a sector of this Zone—the classical deserts of North Africa and the Middle East—as a sample of the work in progress and of the diversity of the problems involved.

The obvious priority of the Arid Zone is water; but, as I traversed thousands of miles of desert from Algeria, through Tunisia, Tripolitania, Cyrenaica, Egypt, Sinai, Iraq, Iran and into the Negev, the desert of Israel, Hannibal's elephants, or what they stood for, bulked larger and larger. They became an obsessional symbol of the lost fertility of vast areas which we now too glibly dismiss as "desert," those vacant spaces on the maps which we always tend to disregard when we discuss the possibilities for feeding a world population now increasing at the rate of one extra mouth every one-and-a-half seconds. They symbolise the rich and prosperous civilisations which were once nurtured by soil which is now the dust in which their glories are buried.

The mistakes men made, we can try to undo; the "desert" is by no means a hopeless place and the courage, resourcefulness and self-sacrifice of "The Men against the Desert" whom I have met is an inspiration: their achievements are spectacular. But almost more impressive than present-day researches is the abundant lessons which the past has to teach from the remains of systems of soil-conservation, irrigation and agriculture, from the Ancient Sumerians to the fall of Byzantium. There are thousands of wells and cisterns, terracings and dew-mounds which need only cleaning to restore them to the usefulness of thousands of years ago.

That is why, although my concern was with present-day research and ingenuity, I believe that a shorter cut to immediate productivity in the deserts may lie through archaeology than through natural science—if archaeologists would turn their attention from palaces and temples and be useful about cisterns, for a change.

RITCHIE CALDER

Picture of Bonn

II.—Dead-end Coalition

Dr. Adenauer owes his election as Federal Chancellor to Frau Margazethe Hütter, a Right-wing Liberal deputy who automatically secured a seat in the House when the leader of her party, Professor Heuss, was elected Federal President. She was next on the reserve list; and, rushing to Bonn from Bavaria at the last moment, reached the Chamber not a second too soon. Still breathless, she cast her vote. It gave Dr. Adenauer the majority of one with which he has been governing ever since.

No one is quite certain whether Frau Hütter was entitled to her seat or her vote, or whether, indeed, she is not a German citizen but a French collaborationist, whose husband would have to stand trial before a French Military Court if the French authorities could find him. Jean Paul Hütter was born in Cherbourg, the son of a French naval engineer. He studied in Britain and America, and in 1933 married, in London, Margazethe Jahn, a German citizen who thus automatically acquired French nationality. When war broke out, Hütter joined the French army as a lieutenant, but in June 1940, deserted to the Germans. In December 1940, he returned to Strasbourg, and in April 1943, volunteered as an officer in the Wehrmacht. A month earlier the couple had applied for membership in the Nazi Party, and in October 1943, they acquired German nationality without obtaining the necessary consent from the French Govern-

ment. According to the French Consul at Stuttgart, Frau Hütter is still a Frenchwoman. However that may be, she turned up in the French Zone after the war, declaring that her husband was missing on the Eastern front, and claiming herself to be a refugee. She secured a job with American Military Government in Stuttgart, and in August 1949, was adopted as a parliamentary candidate. The French authorities believe that Jean Paul Hütter is alive and kicking, somewhere in Bavaria. But nobody does anything about it.

This story illustrates the indiscriminate way in which politically "shady" characters were "cleared" and admitted as Members of Parliament, the odd assortment of men and women on whom the Adenauer Government has to rely for its parliamentary support, and the uneasy and haphazard course which his "Little Coalition" has been compelled to steer since it took office seven months ago. Composed of the Catholic C.D.U., its South German complement, the C.S.U., the Right-wing and strangely misnamed "Liberal" F.D.P., and its still more reactionary extension, the D.P., the Government has failed signally to acquire the confidence of the broad masses of the people. It is suffering the worst fate of any administration: it is being ignored with a shrug. Even where allowance is made for the host of seemingly insoluble problems—unemployment, refugees, lack of housing, and lack of capital for investment—with which the Government was shouldered from the outset, dissatisfaction with the sluggish and erratic conduct of affairs is openly voiced.

Dr. Adenauer is facing a threefold opposition. It comes, first, from the non-Government parties in parliament, tirelessly whip-lashed by Dr. Schumacher. In the long run this alone would suffice to wear down the Government and reduce it to practical ineffectiveness. It comes, secondly, from the constituent *Laender*, represented not only in the Upper House, but also by some Ministers who are deputies in the Lower House. Many plans and measures of the Federal Government are being cunningly frustrated from this side. Finally, there is a feeling that a certain amount of organised opposition comes from the Allied High Commission at Petersberg, where a National Government, linking the two main parties, Catholics and Socialists, in a common effort, would have had a better reception.

There is, however, no prospect of a "Big Coalition" being formed. Dr. Schumacher has bluntly stated that he will not enter the Government "without a definite mandate from the people obtained in new elections," and Dr. Adenauer is equally determined, come what may, to refuse sharing his responsibility with the Socialists. Even at Petersberg it is now beginning to be realised that the Demo-Christian leader's mental make-up is vastly more old-fashioned than had been supposed by the Allied advocates of "free enterprise." The truth is that Adenauer's orthodox Catholicism prevents him from viewing Socialism as anything but a "mortal sin" in the religious sense of the word, and he is incapable of showing any understanding even when influential members of his own party try to persuade him that times have changed since the turn of the century. Yet the "Little Coalition" has already shown more than one rift; F.D.P. and D.P. have, on one occasion, voted against the Government, and within the C.D.U. its Left wing, led by Dr. Arnold and enjoying Catholic trade-union support, is steadily moving away from Adenauer and into greater proximity to the Socialist camp. But there is not only Dr. Arnold to placate. The Chancellor must at the same time take into account the tendency of his Bavarian associates to wander off into the Bavarian Party and other extreme Right-wing bodies.

Elections for new *Land* parliaments will be held in June, in the three key confederate States of Bavaria, North Rhine-Westphalia, and Schleswig-Holstein; and, although they cannot have any direct effect on the position at Bonn, their results will show to what extent the present Federal Parliament has already become unreal and unrepresentative. Dr. Adenauer may well have a shock, for it seems unlikely that the heterogenous C.D.U. will continue to unite under its predominantly bourgeois roof large sections of the working class and peasantry. It may lose a small proportion of its votes to the Socialists, chiefly in the Ruhr, but its main danger threatens in North Germany where a much larger section, especially among the Protestant electorate, is likely to jump right over the "Liberals" into the extreme Right-wing camp. It seems that the coming *Land* elections will bring a concentrated effort on the part of the extreme Right—whose groups are steadily coalescing—and it will not go unrewarded.

It is this extreme Right-wing bloc, now in process of formation, which is the most likely potential ally of the West German Communists. Their "National Front" movement, directed from S.E.D. headquarters in Berlin, is working intelligently and unobtrusively in Western Germany, and is quick to exploit any opportunity which offers. An instance was provided at Watenstedt-Salzgitter recently. At the height of the dismantling clashes, the Communists picked out 20 children of workers thrown out of employment, despatched them to the Soviet Zone as guests of the Communist Free German Youth, and sent them back, a few weeks later, well-fed and clothed and complete with Communist Youth song books which the children demanded should be introduced in their classes. A further batch of 40 followed, and their total will be 1,500, from Salzgitter alone, throughout this summer. Membership of the Free German Youth movement in the Salzgitter area alone rose by over 500 after the return of the first batch. In addition, the "National Front" has given 2,500 youths places—eagerly accepted—as apprentices in the Soviet Zone.

The shadow of the Soviet German Republic lies darkly over Western Germany, and the term "national" in its new connotation is not everywhere missing its appeal. On the occasion of Watenstedt-Salzgitter, a Conservative Düsseldorf paper wrote blandly:

> The Western Powers accept the Federal election results as conclusive proof that the people of the Federal Republic have rejected Communism. They conclude from this that they must therefore automatically be the allies of the West and hostile towards all combinations with the East. This may be quite correct; but, as an argument, it loses force and weight if, in the long run, the German people are unable to discover the precise Western conception of things and what Germany's place in it is to be.

This tone of voice, with its carefully veiled blackmailing innuendo, sounds no longer strange in West German ears. It is a tone on which the ex-Nazis and their disgruntled fellow-travellers in the "German Reich Party" and the "National Front" can agree, and will agree when the moment comes to bring down the rotten centre at Bonn. After all, they have done it before.

Bonn, April. PETER DE MENDELSSOHN

Socialist Pioneer

OUR labour movement, which takes pride in its empiricism, has never set much store by its history. On certain ceremonial occasions it will rhetorically invoke the memory of its pioneers. But apart from the trinity—Owen, Morris and Keir Hardie—it recalls their names with difficulty. True, there was Blatchford with his *Clarion* and *Merrie England*. And then, before that, the Dock Strike, led by John Burns, Ben Tillett and Tom Mann. And then? Why . . . the Chartists and the Rochdale Pioneers and (dredging deep) the Tolpuddle Martyrs. That really completes the list. For the rest, the movement itself is the only reward and memorial to most of those who built it.

Yet one name survives almost by accident: its owner has no biography and most histories mention him only in passing. George William MacArthur Reynolds, however, founded the weekly newspaper which still bears his name, and this week, on May 5th, it reached its centenary, the only survivor of the Chartist press.

It is fitting that it should be Reynolds' own newspaper that should so survive, while the *Northern Star* and the *Poor Man's Guardian* have become entries in a library catalogue. For, although Reynolds was no match for Feargus O'Connor as an orator or for Bronterre O'Brien as a thinker, or even for Harney and Ernest Jones as a literary stylist, he was the most successful journalist among the Chartist leaders. Indeed, there has been no popular writer quite like him in the whole history of the labour movement. His journalistic ventures were but one part of an immense output. From 1847 to 1870 he edited a weekly magazine called *Reynolds' Miscellany*, which mixed fiction with politics, popular science and the arts; in 1849 he launched his *Political Instructor*; and on May 5th, 1850, he converted that into his *Newspaper*, which he edited himself until his death in 1879. At the same time he poured out a stream of mysteries and romances—the Dictionary of National Biography, in a sketch written by Ramsay MacDonald, lists more than thirty as "the most important"—many of which appeared first as penny serials and then as books. Where Thackeray and Dickens sold by the thousand, as the *Bookseller* remarked in its obituary of Reynolds, he sold by the hundred thousand; and Thackeray himself had once asked Dickens: "It is true that we

have been successful enough in our way. But what are we compared to Reynolds?"

To-day, these books are literary curiosities. Most of them are too long, too crammed with characters, too complex in plot and stylistically poor; hacks and ghost-writers poke through their seams. Yet in them, as much as in his papers, one can see the formula by which Reynolds achieved his enormous circulation. It was the Chartist counterpart of the present *Daily Mirror's* combination of sex appeal and radicalism; with Reynolds it was pornography plus progress. Vice was harnessed to a moral, as in the long *Mysteries of London*, where the rich are made vicious by the corruption of wealth, and the poor are ground into criminal squalor by hunger and oppression. Though it may now seem painted in gloomy colours, Reynolds' London was real enough, with its harridans, resurrection-men and prison-fodder reeling drunkenly off the dark streets into brothels and boozing-dens, crowding round public floggings and executions; and with its depravity and scandal among the wealthy. But then Reynolds will stop short in a story to declaim against capital punishment or anti-Semitism or imprisonment for debt, or to contrast, item by item, a workhouse diet and a society banquet. In his passion for realism he takes pains to use thieves' argot (explained in footnotes) to illustrate card-sharping by diagrams and to put Chartist songs into the mouths of his characters. All the time the political lesson is underlined: violence, disease, prostitution, all these are due to the system. Abolish the oppressive Monarchy, disestablish the decadent Church, carry the long-awaited Chartist reforms; in short, throw out the bourgeoisie and allow the workers to take over, and only then shall these social horrors be destroyed.

For at the peak of his career Reynolds was an insurrectionary Socialist. He had left Sandhurst in disgust, and travelled widely in Europe, acquiring an international outlook which was then not uncommon among English radicals; and, as the long foreign dispatches in his papers show, he remained an ardent partisan of the revolutionary movements on the Continent. By the time he became a Chartist leader, and one of the "physical force" group in the 1848 Convention, the movement was already beginning to decline, and the leadership was divided into warring factions, one following O'Connor into dalliance with petitions, land reform and windbag oratory, the other seeking to organise a revolt for which the opportunity had already been lost before the fiasco of April 10th, 1848. Though Reynolds was forced to realise this within a year or two, he remained resolutely radical. Unlike other Chartist leaders who found it hard to adjust themselves after 1848 to the increasing social stability and to the stodginess of the labour movement, Reynolds adapted himself without too much trouble—as the success of his paper shows—and yet maintained his radical integrity. He knew the revolution was dead as a practical proposition, but he did not forget the principles that made him a revolutionary, nor the enemies of progress who had killed the revolution in England and on the Continent.

Chesterton somewhere calls the nineteenth century the Age of the Great Gusto: Chartism was the Great Gusto of our working-class movement, when there was fire as well as hunger in our bellies. NORMAN MACKENZIE

So They Say . . .

COALITION, handled with enthusiasm, scorn or calculation, according to the outlook of the paper concerned, is the topic of the moment. Mr. Churchill's "thinking out loud" speech in the Budget debate, for instance, and Sir Stafford Cripp's cryptic reply that "We're not having any *on that basis*," mystified the press almost as much as it did the Conservative front bench. The *Daily Herald* simplified it immensely by reporting Sir Stafford (in its p. 1 story as well as its banner headline) as saying simply: WE'RE NOT HAVING ANY.

On the day of the Budget vote, the *Daily Express* ran the prediction of the year:

> It is believed that Mr. Churchill was preparing the ground to enable him to advise the King that he would be able to form a Government . . . . [by] securing a sufficient amount of Socialist (*sic*) support to guarantee his majority. . . .

The Government's two five-vote wins gave rise to diverse speculation. The *Daily Herald*, reporting a "prolonged thunder of cheers" in the House, excitedly announced ALL THE WINNERS! (Budget, Dumbartonshire, and the Two Thousand Guineas). The *Express* reasoned, in its idiosyncratic way, that "an election in the early summer now becomes a possibility," while the *Manchester Guardian* painted a fanciful picture of Mr. Gaitskell, Mr. Stanley and Lord Layton putting on false beards to meet and discuss "common ground."

Then, last Friday night, Mr. Herbert Morrison delivered a speech at High Wycombe, treated by the *News Chronicle* as its front page lead, two columns in length, under the banner headline: MR. MORRISON MAKES A CHALLENGING SPEECH.

> This was . . . the first serious attempt, from the Labour point of view, to look the present political deadlock straight in the face . . . a challenge . . . to the entire Labour movement in this country, to review and widen its approach to issues that must go far to determine our economic destiny.

The *Daily Herald* apparently thought otherwise—or feared the implications of Mr. Morrison's words that nationalisation was "only one of the ways of socialising industry"—for its 5-inch report on p. 4 completely ignored the issues raised by the Lord President.

Finally there was Lord Woolton's "nine-point" speech over the week-end. TORY-LIBERAL COALITION? ran the *Sunday Express's* front page banner headline. "Now the Tories and the Liberals show themselves to be united in a resolve to oust the Socialists," exulted "Cross-Bencher," naming seven Liberals who would "adorn office in any united-front Government." He ignored the only Liberal comment—the terse remark by Lord Moynihan, chairman of the Executive, that Woolton had said "nothing he had not said before."

On Monday the wooing was redoubled. "There are brilliant men and women in the Liberal Party whose services should not be lost to the nation," observed the *Daily Mail* admiringly. "We are certain the 2,600,000 Liberal voters in the country are not prepared to forsake the radical traditions of their Party and become Tory puppets," hopefully commented the *Daily Herald*, which after the Budget vote had written off the Liberals as having "joined the suicide club." The *Herald*, however, had the last laugh on Wednesday: LIBERALS COSH TORY WOOERS.

A Sensitive Plant

Over the past week the *Daily Herald* has appeared determined to prove that the capitalist press has no monopoly over sins of omission. Not only did it virtually ignore the dockers' side of the dock strike (the broken anti-victimisation pledge of last summer), but its report (April 28) of the National Dock Labour Board's review of its work was highly selective. The *Herald* quoted references to a mysterious "organisation" behind the strikes, leaving it to the *Daily Mirror*, with its headline, GOVT. MISHANDLED PAST STRIKES, SAY DOCK BOARD, to complete the picture. Again, while the *Mirror* led its front page last Monday with headline (A BLISTERING ATTACK) and story on the Working Party Report on Building, the *Herald's* anæmic story ignored two of the main criticisms of the Government—too much red tape, and too many changes of mind.

One for Us

A survey of the reading habits of 1,000 Birmingham adolescents has revealed that the most popular newspapers among both boys and girls are the *News of the World*, the *Sunday Pictorial* and *The People*, in that order. "Among periodicals which receive only one mention are NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, *Children's Newspaper*, and *Punch*." AUTOLYCUS

Posters Up

IN Disraeli's old Park Lane house the other day, a puce-coloured seal in naval uniform squinted raffishly across a landing at some of Mr. Burne Jones' young women. With the Laurencin-like tooth-paste advertisements, and the emotionally economic official appeals for the aged, the cigarette-plugging seal was part of an exhibition of Swiss poster art now on its way to America. But Bill Cummings of Harringay, 26 years a London bill-poster, was having nothing to do with these Continental falderals. Assured of the more stolid virtues of British posters, he was somewhere on his triangular beat, bounded by Tottenham Court Road, Wembley and Ealing.

For Cummings, as for the 200-300 other bill-stickers of London, life begins each morning with the chemical acidity of printer's ink and the soapy sweetness of paste. A companionable, dart-playing man, he arrives in Gray's Inn Road at 8 a.m., and changes his brown pin-stripe suit for denims. (The privilege of wearing overalls is a comparatively new one; in other days, the bill-sticker wore the stains of his trade on his clothes and his hair.) Then the jelly-like paste, used for poster "backing," is slowly churned and prodded in a barrel before being tipped into buckets;

the day's army of bill-stickers fill each of their satchels with 50 carefully docketed 10ft. by 6ft. 8in. posters, technically called "16 sheets." The men depart in pairs to the vans, hauling their extension ladders and their paste buckets.

On the bumpy trip to Tottenham Court Road, Cummings produces a bill-poster's philosophy. "At least we're a respected trade nowdays. Years ago, they thought there was something funny about you if you didn't come to work smelling of gin and didn't enjoy a scrap at the street corner.

"You stay in this job all your life. Look at my dad—23 years a bill-sticker. Look at me—the third generation.

"I was talking to a highbrow chap once. He said, wasn't I ashamed at sticking up all this dope? I told him he simply didn't understand. People've got to have soap and raincoats, haven't they? If you make good soap or macs, why not tell people about it?

"And once you advertise in a big way your stuff has got to be good. You've got some responsibility and prestige to keep up."

A little knot of men and a woman with a string bag and a crab protruding from one corner watch as Cummings, with firm, gentle strokes, like a doctor pulling plaster off a wound, peels off old posters from the Tottenham Court Road hoarding. Each bill remains about six weeks before being replaced. (In Switzerland and many other European countries the maximum is 14 days). Each man posts for about 10 minutes while his mate, waiting to take his turn, hands him the posters, steadies the ladder. From left to right, at the rate of one a minute, the propaganda goes up; cigarettes and whisky, and (cinematically) wild, wild women. About every fifth poster is a "special change"—a bill of new design replacing the old advertisement for the same product. In Cummings' area, his company owns 135 sites and space for 829 posters.

What does it cost to batter thus at the public's eye? There are some 40 site-owning firms in London, and the usual cost for a long-term showing in London is 6*s.* a week, or 7*s.* 6*d.* to 10*s.* a week for a period under three months. But some London sites cost up to £5 a week for each poster. In the provinces the prices are 5*s.* 8*d.* to 6*s.* 2*d.* The London organisations, for a 10 per cent. commission, sub-contract to the provincial bill-posters. There are about 4,000,000 posters now on British hoardings. Those that Cummings and his mates see most often are paid for by Guinness, who spend about £115,000 a year, far more than any other concern. Guinness, in fact, have a complete "blanket" coverage of the country every year. Closest to them in lavishness are the Imperial Tobacco Co., and two soap concerns.

In 1939, British advertisers spent £6,500,000 on posters. At present, the British Poster Advertising Association, which represents the interests of 700 town-member groups and has guarded poster morality for 60 years, is on the last stages of a survey to find the latest figure. Although the poster advertisers were rationed for paper until two years ago, the amount is likely to be above £8,000,000. The London Passenger Transport Board alone received £1,732,591 for their poster space in 1948. The Government's full poster expenditure, whatever one newspaper professes to believe, is only about £600,000. The B.P.A.A.'s own publicity sheets, which have sprinkled London this year, declare: "Posters up—prices down. Posters create the sales which lower the cost of the goods you need." A debatable thesis.

Before the war, there was a far greater tendency than now to regard poster propagandists as bandits who besmeared the countryside. The Town and Country Planning Act of 1947 delegates wide powers to local authorities and holds a leash on the worst excesses; and the L.C.C. Public Control Committee can demand the removal of offensive posters outside London cinemas—a power which might be exercised more often. In addition, the B.P.A.A. admits to wielding a "powerful censorship." Its official code lays down that "nothing shall be exhibited which depicts murder, acts of violence, obscenity, or nudity; or which, in the opinion of the Committee, is calculated to demoralise or can be held up to excuse or extenuate crime, or incite to its commission, or foment social unrest; or which constitutes a personal attack upon any member of any Government." Through its membership, the Association has control over film posters shown elsewhere than outside cinemas. The Censorship Committee, broadly, deems it reasonable for a sheriff or other virtuous citizen to be shown holding a gun; pistol-packing and unduly, *décolletée* women are regarded as "unsuitable"; and, though cowboys may twirl thongs on the hoardings, whips are regarded with suspicion. Recently, the Committee stamped heavily on a holiday camp poster, which showed a briefly attired bathing girl on the sands, with the caption: "All this and Blackpool too, for £5 5*s.* 0*d.*"

Bad posters or good, what is the effect upon the public? Dealing as he does with intangibles, the bill-posting executive finds in his work much of the difficulty of shooting at a black cat in a dark room. A survey published last year by Market Information Services Ltd. produced some interesting sociological sidelights. It showed that a poster exhibited for 13 weeks or more was remembered by 55 per cent. of the people in the survey area; that the 16–24 age group was more highly receptive to posters than any other; that working-class men noticed posters more readily than the well-to-do middle and lower-middle classes, but the opposite was true of women. On the whole, men are more poster-conscious than women, although the propaganda is aimed mainly at women. Incidentally, 94 per cent. of those questioned in a "pilot survey" remembered a Guinness poster, but 42 per cent. clearly recalled a hair-wash bill which had never been shown in the town.

RICHARD MARTIN

The Play of Ideas

I READ Mr. Rattigan's article on this subject, and was not surprised when my friend Bridie promptly wiped the floor with him, and subsequent contributors made hay of what was left. Let me say a word in his defence.

He is, of course, vulnerable as a reasoner; but he is not a reasoner, nor does he profess to be one. The difference between his practice and mine is that I reason out every sentence I write to the utmost of my capacity before I commit it to print, whereas he slams down everything that comes into his head without reasoning about it at all. This of course leads him into all sorts of Jack o'Lantern contradictions, dead ends, and even delusions; but as his head is a bright one and the things that come into it, reasonable or not, are all entertaining, and often penetrating and true, his practice is pleasing, whilst my reasoned-out syllogisms amuse my readers by seeming the first things that would come into a fool's head and only my fun, provoking hasty contradictions and reactions instead of stimulating thought and conviction.

Now there are ideas at the back of my plays; and Mr. Rattigan does not like my plays because they are not exactly like his own, and no doubt bore him; so he instantly declares that plays that have any ideas in them are bad plays, and indeed not plays at all, but platform speeches, pamphlets, and leading articles. This is an old story! It used to take the form of complaints that my plays are all talk. Now it is quite true that my plays are all talk, just as Raphael's pictures are all paint, Michael Angelo's statues all marble, Beethoven's symphonies all noise. Mr. Rattigan, not being a born fool, does not complain of this, but, being an irrational genius, does let himself in for the more absurd complaint that, though plays must be all talk, the talk should have no ideas behind it, though he knows as well as I do when, if ever, he thinks for a moment, that without a stock of ideas, mind cannot operate and plays cannot exist. The quality of a play is the quality of its ideas.

What, then, is the function of the playwright? If he only "holds a mirror up to nature" his vision of life will be that of a policeman on point duty. Crowds of people pass him; but why they pass him, who they are, whither they are going and why, what they will do when they pass on and what they have done before they came into his field of vision, whether they are married or single or engaged, which of them is a criminal and which a philanthropist, he cannot tell, though he knows that there are all sorts in every thousand of them.

The policeman, however, is not always on point duty. He has a home. He is a son, a brother, a husband, a father, has cousins and aunts and in-laws, has been an infant, a boy, an adolescent, has friends, male and female. He has likes and dislikes, lovings and loathings, lusts and appetites, jealousies, antipathies, propensities, tastes and talents, all the virtues, all the vices, all the common needs and all the senses in some degree. He keeps a dog or cat or parrot: perhaps all three. He has been to the seaside, and has seen trees and flowers if he has not actually cultivated them. Thus, though the passing crowd means nothing to

him, there is a cross-section of it, including himself, under his daily observation that gives him as much knowledge of human nature as his mind will hold.

Everybody, being thus provided with a sample cross-section of the crowd and a faculty of observation, reasoning, and introspection, has the data for at least some biological hypotheses, however crude. But now the mysterious activity I call the Life Force, and pious people call Providence, steps in, with its trials and successes and errors, its miracles and games and caprices, its blessings and blunders and botherations. It not only varies human capacity to such a degree that what is child's play to a Napoleon, an Einstein, or a Nuffield, is beyond the comprehension of common men, but specialises them in the most fantastic manner, notably for what children call pretending. And even their pretending is specialised. One pretender will have an irresistible propensity to figure as a King, a High Priest, a Conquering Hero. Another must make people laugh at him by pretending to be a liar, a coward, a drunkard, kicked, fooled and degraded in every possible comic way. Now, as tragedians and clowns alike must have fictitious stories written and plots invented for them, another specialisation produces a class of professional liars who make no pretence that their tales are true. Here is where your playwright comes in.

But here also the differences in mental capacity come in. One playwright is capable of nothing deeper than short-lived fictitious police and divorce court cases of murder and adultery. Another can rise to the masterpieces of Aeschylus, Euripides and Aristophanes, to Hamlet, Faust, Peer Gynt and—well, no matter: all these having to be not only entertaining, but intensely didactic (what Mr. Rattigan calls plays with ideas), and long-lived enough to be hyperbolically called immortal. And there are many gradations between these extremes: tragedy and melodrama, high and low comedy, farce and filth.

Why this occurs I do not know. If I did, I should be the supreme god among all biologists, philosophers, and dramatists. I should have solved the riddle of the universe, as every criticaster complains I have never done. Of course not. Nobody knows. Only Simple Simons ask.

Theatre technique begins with the circus clown and ringmaster and the Greek tribune, which is a glorified development of the pitch from which the poet of the market place declaims his verses, and, like Dickens's Sloppy or a modern playwright reading his play to the players, reads all the parts "in different voices." On any fine Sunday in Ceylon the street poet may still be seen declaiming his works and taking round his hat: I have seen him do it.

But you need not go so far as Ceylon to see this primitive performance. Wherever there is a queue waiting for the doors of a theatre to open you may see some vagabond artist trying to entertain it in one way or another; and that vagabond may be an incipient Shakespeare or Garrick. Nor need you go to the doors of a theatre to witness this parturition of pavement art. In Hyde Park I have seen an elderly man, dressed in black (his best, but old and seedy) step aside to the grass and address the empty air with the exordium "Ah, fahst Eebrews is very campfitn." Presently people stopped to listen to him; and he had a congregation. I myself have done the same on Clapham Common, and collected sixteen shillings in my hat at the end for the Socialist cause. I have stopped on the Thames Embankment; set my back to the river wall; and had a crowd listening to me in no time. A friend of mine who happened to pass described the scene to Henry James, who could not believe that such a thing was possible for a man of letters. He asked me at our next meeting was the tale true? I said it was. In his most impressive manner (he was always impressive) he said: "I could not do that. I *could* not." From that day his affectionate regard for me was tinged with wonder and even veneration.

Now I, the roofless pavement orator, ended in the largest halls in the country with overcrowds that filled two streets. I harangued an audience of millionaires in the Metropolitan Opera House in New York. I was specially proud of a speech in the Usher Hall in Edinburgh, where 8,640 pennies were collected at the end.

Why do I tell this tale? Because it illustrates the development of the theatre from the pavement to the tribune and the cathedral, and the promotion of its outcasts to palaces, parliaments, and peerages. On the tribune there was no changeable picture scenery; but there were structures to represent houses, temple gates, or the like. When the tribune developed into a stage for the religious Mystery and Passion plays of the Middle Ages, these structures were multiplied until Pilate's pretorium, Herod's palace, the mouth of hell, the Blessed Virgin's throne in heaven, the Mount of Olives, the Hill of Calvary, and the court of Caiaphas were on the stage all through the play as now at Oberammergau, the players moving from one to the other as the action required.

Then came the Elizabethan stage (Shakespeare's), with neither structures nor scenery but with a balcony above, an inner stage made with curtains called traverses, an apron stage projecting into the auditorium (relic of the innyard), and placards describing where the action was supposed to be taking place. The traverses distinguished indoor scenes from outdoor. The balcony distinguished castle ramparts from the plain below. But still there was no movable changeable scenery.

Suddenly Italian Opera came along and was tolerated and encouraged by Cromwell, who ranked the theatre as the gate of hell, but loved music. With it came changeable pictorial scenery, side wings, flats, and perspective. Still more sensational, women came on the stage as sopranos, mezzo-sopranos, and contraltos, replacing epicene boys, and founding the tradition that every actress is, or must pretend to be, sexually immoral. Opera taught me to shape my plays into recitatives, arias, duets, trios, ensemble finales, and bravura pieces to display the technical accomplishments of the executants, with the quaint result that all the critics, friendly and hostile, took my plays to be so new, so extraordinary, so revolutionary, that *The Times* critic declared that they were not plays at all as plays had been defined for all time by Aristotle. The truth was that I was going back atavistically to Aristotle, to the tribune stage, to the circus, to the didactic Mysteries, to the word music of Shakespeare, to the forms of my idol Mozart, and to the stage business of the great players whom I had actually seen acting, from Barry Sullivan, Salvini, and Ristori to Coquelin and Chaliapine. I was, and still am, the most old-fashioned playwright outside China and Japan. But I know my business both historically and by practice as playwright and producer; and I am writing all this to show that without knowing it historically and studying critically the survivals of it that are still in practice—for instance the Westminster School performances of the ancient Latin drama where the women's parts are played by boys as Shakespeare's women's parts were, and are so effective that Shakespeare must have been as strongly against having them played by women as any Holy Willie—no playwright can be fully qualified, nor any theatre critic know what he is pontificating about.

And so I close, I hope, this series of essays started by Mr. Rattigan, all of them entertaining in their way, but containing no convincing evidence that the writers have ever seen, written or produced a play.

BERNARD SHAW

(*World Copyright*).

THE PLAY OF IDEAS

?

or the

PLAYS ABOUT PEOPLE

by Peter Ustinov

[THE TRAGEDY OF GOOD INTENTIONS, BLOW YOUR OWN TRUMPET & THE INDIFFERENT SHEPHERD]

to which the author has furnished a personal and provocative preface which contributes something new to dramatic criticism. The three plays, having given pleasure on the stage, were published in volume form on Monday.

PLAYS ABOUT PEOPLE 9s. 6d. NET

Jonathan Cape

GERALD BERNERS

I SUPPOSE it was only natural that the obituaries of Lord Berners should have laid more stress on his lively and diverting personality than on his creative work. The fact that he dyed his pigeons five different colours was allowed to outweigh the fact that, amongst many other works, he wrote five important ballets.

But perhaps he would have preferred it that way, for he always liked to put up his eccentricities as an exotic screen between himself and the outer world, particularly if the outer world had the faintest suspicion of a bore in the offing.

The admired pupil of Stravinsky, Casella and Vaughan Williams, a craftsman who, when his health allowed it, would spend eight hours a day perfecting his craft, he would yet be quite content to be regarded as a dilettante rather than to have his life obtruded upon in any way. Like so many famous wits he was essentially a melancholy man. A good example of his desire for loneliness, combined with an extremely practical wit, was provided by his method of keeping a railway compartment to himself. Donning black spectacles he would, with a look of fiendish expectation, beckon in the passers by. Those isolated figures who took the risk became so perturbed by his habit of reading the paper upside down and taking his temperature every five minutes that they invariably got out at the next station. At the same time he had a love of company when specially selected and nothing could have been gayer than his week-end parties where cuisine and conversation were on an equally high level.

On those occasions the piano was never opened for he was always most reluctant to play his music to anyone except a fellow professional. But no one could have taken his profession more seriously when the guests had departed. The paper which described him as author, painter and composer seems to have got the words in the wrong order. He got great fun out of writing his books but they were only a sideline. His paintings, surprisingly austere and influenced mainly by early Corot, were of greater importance to him. It was when one saw him playing through the sketches of a new ballet that one realised that composition was his only real preoccupation. The satirical titles of his early piano pieces such as *Funeral March for a Rich Aunt*, etc., gave him the reputation of being a musical wit and nothing beside. It was not until *The Triumph of Neptune*, with its exquisite snow scene, that he began to be taken more seriously, and not until *A Wedding Bouquet* that people realised that though his tongue was often in his cheek his heart was just as frequently on his sleeve.

CONSTANT LAMBERT

SCHWEPPIGRAM No. 17

New hats for men
are hailed again.
Smart felts, and straws
for strollers:
But we'll listen soon
to the same old tune—
It's: where are
England's bowlers?

schweppervescence lasts the whole drink through

The Arts and Entertainment

IVANOV

FOR a very welcome revival of *Ivanov* we are in debt once more to the Arts Theatre. *Ivanov* was Chehov's first play. Like *The Seagull* which followed it, it was booed, hissed and whistled off the stage when it was first presented in Moscow. In the first place, people said it was not a play; in the second place, it was immoral. The first of these criticisms is hardly surprising to us, who took some forty years to accept Chehov, for even in the Twenties I can remember an older generation dismissing him as a moody, moping, muddled highbrow—nothing happening in the plays, no plot, no sense, no humour, talk, talk, talk. The charge of immorality is rather less easy to understand unless we make the effort to put ourselves back into a century which had so much confidence in itself that it believed it the duty of all public persons to pronounce frequent moral judgments. Of course they had to be the current conventional judgments if the pronouncement was to be considered moral; and though there have been artists (Dickens for instance) who were able to concur in the generalised morality of their time, Chehov was not one. Nor was he one of the rebels who exposed the hypocrisy that is necessarily inherent in every moral code. His peculiar gift as an artist is just the gift of abstaining from all judgment whatsoever. And it is this, I think, which has made him seem for so long an especially "modern" writer, particularly sympathetic to us. For this is one of the great distinctions between us and our grandfathers; their capacity for self-deception was enormous, and they were commonly not bothered by discrepancies between their professions and their practice: we are so quick to spot self-deception, at least in others, that we cannot profess anything at all.

We make no professions and we excuse or explain rather than judge. Chehov simply exhibits. Ivanov, the protagonist of this play, is condemnable by almost any code of morals, and it is his not being condemned by his creator that seemed immoral. He is the victim of a very contemporary disease, *accidie*. The springs of his life have broken, the watch has stopped. It is not merely that his will won't answer, but that the impulse to respond and to enjoy has dried up. His wife, a Jewess whom he married five years before in hope and love and for whom now he cannot muster any feeling of any sort (not even the pity that malignant illness should require of him), understands him: "The flowers come again every spring, but joy does not. That's it, isn't it?" He is treating her disgracefully; the young doctor who loves her has no need to tell him that. He knows it, but though he knows it he cannot remedy it. All the "judgers" in the play have an explanation of what has gone wrong. His wife would have brought him a large dowry, only her parents cut her off at the marriage and he got nothing. That is why he is callously hastening her death, so that he may marry the daughter of a rich neighbour. And even his wife, who, in the touching first act had been so loyal and forgiving, later, at the climax of the third act, turns on him and flings this vulgar accusation at his face—an accusation which rouses him to fling back at her the truth about her condition.

This scene is just short of being as effective as it should be. Not too little plot here, in fact but too much: the play is still a little too close to the short story. The wife has never had enough space to establish herself (she is missing from all but the last few moments of the second act). Her turning on him suddenly, without our watching the process, is too abrupt to have quite the effect it is calculated to have. Coming so abruptly, it makes Ivanov too black a character altogether. This, indeed, is centrally the deficiency in *Ivanov*, the reason why the play is always likely to be less popular than the others. Ivanov is not judged, it is true, but he is too mercilessly exhibited. There is no relief from his neurosis; on and on it goes showing itself up, but what is missing is just what, apart from this neurosis, Ivanov might have been. That famous compassion of Chehov's, that tolerant observant eye that later is to report each small redeeming habit and idiosyncracy is, somehow blind to Ivanov.

But not so with the other characters. And I must not, in suggesting these reasons for a certain unsatisfactoriness about the central character, give the impression that the play as a whole does not make a most enjoyable evening. On the contrary, I strongly recommend it to all admirers of Chehov who have not seen it. It is full of characteristic strokes and touches. Pavel, the kindly ineffective drunk neighbour is a wonderful study, which Mr. Frederick Leister brings to life here. Another pure Chehov touch is in the drawing of the embittered old Count who is a pensioner of Ivanov. He is dreaming of winning a fortune in the lottery and when he is asked what he would do with it if he won, he sets off an enthusiastic fantasy about a visit to the Gypsies, to be followed by a visit to Paris; and then a whiff of reality crosses the dream; he remembers that his wife is buried in Paris and he leaves himself sitting mournfully on her grave. Mr. Hugh Pryse gives a clever performance in this part.

One goes to the Arts with a rather different (not necessarily a lower) standard of expectation than one takes with one to the "commercial" theatre. One looks for an acceptable general level rather than for the highest finish, which elsewhere one looks for more often than one gets. Perhaps an actor with star quality might have imposed on us more successfully than Mr. Michael Hordern, and won our sympathy for Ivanov by his own personality. But such a performance would have raised the level of expectation all round. As it is Mr. Hordern is rich in intelligence, sensitivity and grasp, and with very few exceptions, the company give his impressive playing the right kind of support.

T. C. WORSLEY

THE MOVIES

"Ballad of Berlin," at the Rialto
"The Big Lift," at the Marble Arch Odeon
"Chance of a Lifetime," at the Leicester Square

May brings chestnut and nightingale, and a new stab of danger to the heart. The cold war awakens. During this month—which has opened quietly enough—we may expect our attentions to be arrowed on Berlin, and, meanwhile, here are two films that feed the preoccupation. *Ballad of Berlin* comes out of Berlin itself. To the Berliner I can well believe that this film—something in mood between *Wozzeck* and *The Good Soldier Schweik*, but a good deal nearer the latter—means

an untold joy of relief. It finds comedy and even farce in defeat; it shrugs at authority; it flaunts the bad times, and fetches a consolatory clown out of the herd. Its hero (Gert Frobe) is a post-dated "good German" who, resisting conscription to the last moment, has appeared before a medical board panting from the effects of caffein poisoning, bad fish, excessive smoking, and every other heart-thumper known to the ingenuity of man. "Is this your usual condition?" asks the surprised doctor. "Yes," he gasps. "Passed," says the other. So off he goes, this new Schweik, to the war; and back he comes to find his Berlin a mass of rubble, and what's left of his flat in the black market grip. The room with a view but no fourth wall has been kept for him. There in cap and overcoat he repairs to bed. His recurring dream is of a gorgeous girl in a pastrycook's who piles up his platter with cream cakes; and when during waking hours hunger becomes intolerable he exchanges his wireless set or his wardrobe for tins of food. Much of this, as pointed as its hero is simple, is extremely funny.

Not all his adventures, perhaps, to an English audience, will seem equally so. For one thing this laugh on the other side of the face reaches us from a distance; for another, its narrative, interspersed with town-raking ballads, is in an English not its element. Also the film's increasing pieties—it ends with a lightly expressionist Judgment Day—are to a degree enforced. What could its director, Richard Stemmle, plump for except pacifism, impartial satire of the conquerors, a mocking self-pity, and the wit of the underdog? But let me emphasise this film's brilliance. Its impression of Berlin strikes home; and the performance of Gert Frobe as a not too tragic innocent does much to acclimatise its harsh humours.

The Big Lift is, of course, the Berlin air lift, and it starts off, very well, to give the look and feel of that two-minute service which played so important a part in the cold war. The troop plane with its load of coal or food, the wise-cracking crew, the way down between houses over a cemetery, the Tempelhof in puddles or fog, the radar panel in the control tower, and the exactly guiding voice: it's an old story, but impressed here for the first time on eye and nerves. If only *The Big Lift* had stuck to that! But during its two or so hours it slips out and about Berlin to have its say on almost everything. The photography is notably on the spot; the emotions and arguments rarely leave their Hollywood conference table. Of the two heroes, one (Montgomery Clift) sets out to be kind to the Germans, falls in love with a *fraulein*, and is grossly deceived by her; the other (Paul Douglas), with memories of a prison camp, makes scenes in restaurants, shoves people off the pavement, beats up an old Nazi, converts his blonde to Democracy, and settles down to the gruff kindliness that has really been his all along; and both attitudes are machine-made and pretty insulting into the bargain. Personally I found the bumptious insincerities of this piece a good deal more grating than anything in *Ballad of Berlin*. One may forgive its suggestion that America worked the whole lift while we provided a couple of jeeps with M.P.s at the other end. But what *was* the air lift? Well, we are told: pure kindness to a people who never deserved it. Not a word about cold war, in the waging of which no doubt *The Big Lift* considers itself a participant.

The story of how *Chance of a Lifetime* was turned down by the circuits, and then forced on them by the Board of Trade, is almost as fascinating as the film itself. No one could like the governmental powers that make such an intrusion possible, but in this case authority is right and the trade has made a resounding ass of itself. For here is a home-spun piece that is obviously going to be very generally liked, and well deserves to be. Mr. Bernard Miles and his associates have put a genuine bit of life on the screen, a small factory making agricultural implements in Gloucestershire, and the people are as native as the landscape. The workmen complain, the owner challenges them to take over, they do so, they work like mad, and meet with outside resistance, and he comes back with an influential hand. Such tussles are to-day not uncommonly in the air, and with some simplification *Chance of a Lifetime* brings them to earth. Would the owner (Basil Radford) have got himself into this particular hole by employing such a villainously inept under-manager, and would co-operation have worked out quite as pat as appears? Possibly not. But we can swallow the assumptions because the working-out has been so convincingly and likeably done. Well made and worth making: of how many English films during a year can that be said? WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

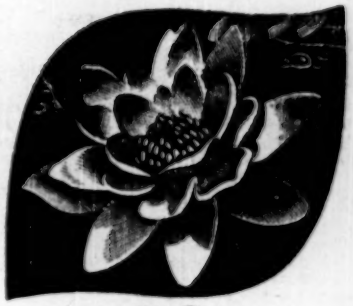
MUSIC OF THE SPHERES

MATYAS SEIBER'S cantata, *Ulysses*, was the most interesting and worth-while of three new or newish works given at a recent concert of the London Contemporary Music Centre, and performed by B.B.C. forces under the direction of Sir Adrian Boult.

Mr. Seiber is an Hungarian composer, a pupil of Kodály, who has lived in England since before the war. Many people became aware of his unusual talent when listening last year to the six-part radio version of Goethe's *Faust*, for which he wrote a large amount of apposite and often beautiful music. He has a decided flair for this kind of thing: his ingenious mind revels in the technical problems involved, and his imagination is kindled by the contemplation of world-embracing philosophical visions and schemes. The cantata which he has based on a scene from James Joyce's novel contains some pages of distinguished music, but suffers from the indigestibility of much of the verbal material selected. It has never been a simple task to bend the bow of Ulysses.

The subject of the cantata is taken from the penultimate chapter of the novel, in which Bloom and Dedalus step out of Bloom's back door into his garden, and are overwhelmed by the majesty and beauty of the nocturnal sky, "the heaventree of stars hung with humid nightblue fruit." Almost all the first section of the cantata is devoted to a setting of this one phrase, for which the composer has found a fantastic and beautiful equivalent in garlands of softly weaving choral polyphony against fine-drawn high octave passages for solo violin and celesta. The idiom recalls the slow movements of the Bartók quartets, but the scoring shows affinities with that of Holst in the milder numbers of *The Planets;* and this is not surprising, for there is likely to be a certain similarity of layout in all interstellar music—just as all interstellar fiction is apt to show a marked similarity of plot.

Mr. O'Casey's Paycock was content to ask, sententiously, "What *ees* the stars?" and leave it at that. Not so Mr. Bloom, who knows a great deal about the stars, and proceeds to inform us "of Sirius, 10 lightyears (57,000,000,000,000 miles) distant and in volume 900 times the dimension of our planet. . . . of Orion with belt and sextuple sun theta and nebula in which 100 of our solar systems could be contained," and so forth. The composer seems to have approached these formidable lumps of information in much the same spirit of bravado as that which led Benjamin Britten to tackle an encyclopædia article on Etruscan life at the beginning of the second act of *The Rape of Lucretia;* and it says a great deal for Mr. Seiber's musical invention and constructive power that the passacaglia which forms his second movement so very nearly comes off. It has one exquisite moment, descriptive of the Milky Way, when two solo sopranos circle around one another like a double star. Later on, the cantata suffers increasingly from the inherent unsuitability of Joycean scholasticism to the sensuous demands of music; from unvocal choral writing; and from that always embarrassing business of the whispered choral *parlando*. However, Mr. Seiber's epilogue, which returns to the manner and in part to the matter of the opening,



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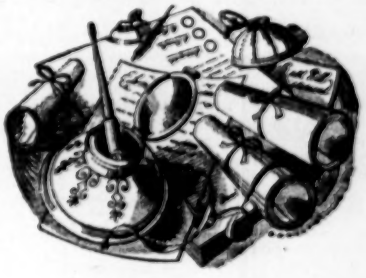

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We may wonder, by the way, what Joyce himself, a passionate lover of music, would have made of Mr. Seiber's cantata. The master of linguistic complexity, who ended by inventing a private scholastic Esperanto, which he expected his readers to devote their lives to mastering, had paradoxically simple and old-fashioned tastes in music. What he loved was not the intellectual complexity of Schönberg (who might perhaps be considered his musical equivalent), but the heroic operas of the nineteenth century, such as *William Tell* and *Les Huguenots*, with ranting tenors capable of throwing off stentorian high C sharps from the chest. DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

TELEVISION NOTES

MANY genuine "personalities" have been built up on the air in the first 25 years of British broadcasting, and more than two hands would be needed to number them off—John Hilton, "Mr." Middleton, Vaughan Thomas, Alistair Cooke, the Radio Doctor . . . not counting, in a different category, the numerous comics, such as Tommy Handley, who made their names entirely in the medium of wireless. The projection of "personality" on television is a more difficult accomplishment, yet there are already certain clues that suggest how it can be done. Two men have achieved, so to speak, the Double First in sound and vision: one is the veteran, Algernon Blackwood; the second, Richard Dimbleby. And of some others who show signs of a television temperament the one I should most confidently back is Graham Hutton, whose recent pre-view and post-mortem of the Budget were items of exceptional merit. He revealed the ability to get on conversational terms from the start, and never made the fatal mistake of taking a peek at his notes or, even worse, at those minions who, in the performance of their duties, stand along the touch-lines in a television studio. (The bad habit of side-long glances is so prevalent on the screen as to make one feel that television speakers, like difficult racehorses, should be trained and run in blinkers.) A ready and pleasant tongue goes far to the making of a television personality, but the crucial factor is the physiognomy—not just the face, for acceptable features often become oddly anonymous and depressing when interpreted by the capricious camera. It seems to be more of a matter of molecular structure than conventional good looks. Rugged configurations of brow and cheek-bone seem to come off better, in the male, than any other form of facial composition; and whereas an outright smile is a most hazardous risk, a humorous wrinkle around the eyes seems to kindle a corresponding response in the viewer. Hollywood, I suppose, or Elizabeth Arden, have evolved an alphabet of visual personality, and Alexandra Palace could do worse than sort out and build up the few who might become television speakers of a professional standard. There are too many pathetically amateur performances at the moment—and too many that look and sound like involuntary charades.

The dearth of personality in television is as apparent among the entertainers as anywhere else. But of those we have seen in recent weeks there are certainly three who stand out a mile, and deserve to be nursed and nourished for this difficult medium. They are Jack Hulbert, Bobby Howes and Eric Barker.

A fanatical schoolmaster tried to convince me, in my youth, that Shakespeare's plays were incomprehensible unless performed on a replica of the apron-stage. I have lived to see his dogma defeated on every level—in the theatre of naturalism, in modern dress, in Heidelberg, in the cinema, on the air and, finally, in television. The recent production of *Othello* (by George More O'Ferrall) was a new and fascinating revelation of a play I have seen done in twenty other ways. Here, of course, the accent was upon the intimate passions of the tragedy, upon the secret thoughts of the bewildered Moor, the labyrinthine deviltry of Iago. The sound of it all was wisely soft-pedalled, but the visual tensity was multiplied in poignant and relentless close-ups—such as Othello's bereft broodings as he fingers his wife's little hand. André Morell, Stephen Murray and Joan Hopkins were faultless in transposing this hazardous play from the wide stage to the narrow screen and, all in all, I should say that this was the best Shakespearian production so far televised. Another triumph, in a different field, was the Cup Final which brought the event so close that one saw the whites of the goalkeeper's eyes as the ball shot into the net. Among the many accidents of slipshod presentation that continue to happen at Alexandra Palace was the map of Central London in which the word Piccadilly was boldly spelt with only one C. W. E. WILLIAMS

PATRICK HERON

A YEAR or so ago, Patrick Heron recorded a wish "to extend an admittedly Braque-like idiom to the treatment of *human beings* as such." In the works shown in this third exhibition, the best which he has held, he is not only beginning to work out that intention in two remarkable portraits of T. S. Eliot and Herbert Read, but has also extended his control of the language he employs. The Braque-like idiom is still there. The phrase can still, justifiably, be used to give a rough verbal guide to the appearance of his pictures, but now he is exploring *with* that idiom rather than within it.

As before, one's first impression is of a natural painter using an essentially intellectual method with the freedom of a Fauve. (A picture like No. 10, *Still Life with Japanese Cherry*, which recalls his earlier landscapes and seems to stand a little apart from his present interests, is a delightful example of this free manipulation of colour and pigment.) This freedom has often, in the past, broken down the unity of his paintings, but in this show they have a much greater coherence. Mr. Heron is achieving this through line, a line which gives a stronger definition to his forms and ties them, like a ligament, into a spatial order.

The two portraits which I have mentioned are profoundly different one from the other. The Eliot has emerged from a long period of study and experiment—there is a preparatory study on view—and it has not altogether escaped from this process. The head, a double head with profile and front view, is most successful, vital and tense in its drawing, but the rest of the picture has not been so clearly conceived. The portrait of Read on the other hand, appears to have been rapidly and fluently constructed. Mr. Heron has used his idiom less rigidly. Compared with the strict figuration of the Eliot head, the treatment of the face is almost impressionist. The features and the expression emerge from a delicate web of lines, which have imprisoned the sitter's personality as if in a cage. And this fine drawing, becoming stronger in its rhythms, flows into the half-length figure and, with the dominant right hand, gives the whole picture a unity of form and the feeling which the other lacks. It is Mr. Heron's finest achievement so far.

BASIL TAYLOR

"Sauce Piquante," at the Cambridge

Not really, or at least not yet, *piquante*: Cecil Landeau's new show needs badly a touch more wit in the "book" and the addition of a tune or two for the dispersing audience to whistle. Say rather *framboise*—the glamorous kind of sauce that used, if memory serves, to accompany the best sort of *soufflée surprise*. For laughter there is "your own" Douglas Byng; an uproarious burlesque, by Geoffrey Parsons, of "Streetcar"; and Norman Wisdom and David Hurst (a comedian new to me) who are very funny when given a chance. But much the best of the pudding, to my taste, was the décor by Honoria Plesch, some high-class dancing (prizes, I thought, to Sara Lurita and Tutte Lemkow), Muriel Smith's singing and a lot of very lovely dresses worn by Mr. Landeau's young ladies—in one of whom, I thought, revue had found another Jessie Mathews. She can be recognised without reference to the programme. A. V.

British Stage Design, at the Victoria and Albert

This exhibition has been organised by the Association of Theatrical Designers and Craftsmen who claim for it that it is "the first truly representative exhibition of contemporary stage design." Truly representative? One raises one's eyebrows at these words when one searches among the many exhibits and discovers that there are no designs by Oliver Messel, Cecil Beaton, the late Rex Whistler, James Bailey, for instance, among the stage designers pure: nothing from John Piper, Edward Burra or Leslie Hurry, for instance, among painters who design for the stage. Perhaps none of these are members of the Association and have been disqualified on that count. But that does not make the exhibition any the more representative. On the contrary, their absence means that the exhibition fails to reveal, as it might have done had it been truly representative, the English ascendancy in this field. For the absentees include the leaders of the profession. What a diminished notion of our achievement a foreigner would get from this exhibition! There would be a number of productions of which he would have heard the fame and the designs for which he would expect to find there. Take almost any half a dozen at random, *The Sleeping Beauty, Swan Lake, Turandot, Lady Windermere's Fan*, Helpmann's *Hamlet, Ring Round the Moon*. He would look for them in vain. He will find designs by Motley, Paul Sherriff, Sophie Fedorovitch. He will find Roger Furse's design for *Venus Observed*. He will find designs by Tanya Moiseiwitch, Topolski, Anthony Holland, Edward Carrick, Michael Warre. He will get an impression of a great deal of activity, a little that is good, a good deal that is respectable and too much that is downright indifferent. But he will get no impression of the high level of art and skill to which, in spite of this display, English design has now attained.

T. C. W.

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Correspondence

GERMANY: WHAT NOW?

SIR,—May I suggest that in his long review of Br. Basil Davidson's book *Germany: What Now?* Mr. A. J. P. Taylor has imported opinions and ideas which strike one of your readers, at least, as odd?

For example, although Big Business and the German Junkers condescended to "play around" with Hitler, it seems that he really represented the German masses. Mr. Taylor is perhaps a little innocent in his choice of the word "represented." I suppose, on this construction, that Mussolini "represented" the Italian masses and that General Franco "represents" the Spanish masses. Hitler openly proclaimed his aims, and we are asked to accept, by implication, that the German masses connived at the destruction of their political parties, their Trade Unions and their Co-operative Movement. I wonder how Mr. Taylor reconciles this startling

point of view with his earlier assertion that "Communism is essentially German in origin and spirit."

Mr. Davidson's argument that the Americans have betrayed the Potsdam Agreement "in order to prevent social change" in Western Germany is, according to Mr. Taylor, "superficial." But Mr. Davidson is supported by the statements of top-ranking American politicians who insist that this is the aim of American policy, and further, he has support from Mr. Taylor himself, who admits that in Western Germany, where America calls the tune, "economic power has returned to the former representatives of Big Business; and the political ambitions of the Nazis are repeated in slightly different form."

This is the policy we might expect from a Government based upon Big Business and from a nation devoted to the philosophy of rugged individualism. But this view is not for Mr. Taylor. He has "the feeling that great trends of world history don't happen in this simple way."

Mr. Taylor then treats us to the observation that the collapse of Allied co-operation in Germany after 1945 "sprang from profound historic causes which made co-operation an impossibility." As Mr. Taylor does not indicate what these "profound historic causes" may be, we shall have to make do with the view that the capitalist nations had quite naturally returned to their old anti-Soviet policies for reasons which require no explanation to any Socialist.

Mr. Davidson's view, concerning the origins of the war, that "collective security failed largely because the British and French Governments—the United States having withdrawn into isolation—would not ally themselves with the Soviet Union" is also regarded by Mr. Taylor as "superficial." He asserts that it would be nearer to the truth to say that the British and French Governments "were unable to ally themselves with the Soviet Union."

This, surely, is an unworthy and ambiguous quibble. Is not the evidence quite overwhelming that the Soviet Government was desperately anxious (as a matter of enlightened self-interest, if you like) to build up a system of collective security with the Western Democracies against the Fascists? And is not the evidence equally overwhelming that the British and French Governments were bent on appeasing Hitler and Mussolini on the base calculation that they would march against the Soviet Union?

There is not space to follow Mr. Taylor through the twists and turns of his "arguments" which, to me, add up to the fact that he is lost in a jungle of speculation without the tools to help him hack his way into some clearing of truth and understanding. Just one example. He winds up with the amazing statement, "It is for the Germans to 'solve' the German problem, not that they ever will."

This is where Mr. Taylor's devotion to "profound historic causes" has led him! Unable to diagnose the disease, he despairs of a remedy.

The Cold War is fought in many ways and on many fronts, and I cannot help feeling that, however unintended, Mr. Taylor's review has added to the confusion and misrepresentation on which the Cold War flourishes.

TOM GITTINS

34 Drayton Park Avenue,
West Drayton, Middlesex.

WASHINGTON THEATRE

SIR,—As a subscriber in Washington, D.C., a city notoriously starved of the theatre, I have followed with interest the series of comments you have published recently under the heading "The Play of Ideas." It has renewed my misery at the poverty of the United States with respect to enterprise in the theatre.

America has grown so accustomed to thinking of England as the poor cousin striving to earn dollars that it is startling to be reminded that the fare of the Londoner in the theatre is still so rich compared with that of the New Yorker. Inevitably, this situation prompts the question—are the British really making an effort to exploit their superior talent in the theatre as a means to increasing their dollar earnings? Are those whose business it is to negotiate the export to the U.S.A. of British theatrical productions so discouraged by past experience that they feel no greater effort is worth while, or have they already achieved as much as conditions permit? Possibly they have, to judge from the prospects for New York next season which promises a number of British productions. But in case there is still any room for bargaining, they might be encouraged to renew their efforts—and not to confine them to New York—when they hear that there is once more the prospect of a theatre in Washington.

Everyone acquainted with the theatre in the U.S.A. knows that for the past two years Washington has been without a theatre because Actors Equity refused to play in a theatre which excluded the coloured population, and the management of the only theatre then existing in Washington—ironically called "The National"—felt unable to break with the local tradition that will not admit the Negro to the places of entertainment patronised by the White population. So "The National" became a cinema (still "restricted") in a city already amply supplied in that respect, and until recently Washington saw no plays except for the limited fare offered by the outlying summer theatres and a few spirited productions sponsored by one of the Universities. Now at last there is reason to hope that plays may again be seen at "The National" next season, this time by anyone with the price of a ticket.

Meanwhile, the efforts of Washingtonians who want to see plays have brought about the reopening of another theatre, formerly the home of burlesque, now completely renovated. It is a small theatre by American but not by London standards; it is nevertheless well equipped, centrally located and open to all. For the past few weeks it has drawn the town to second-rate productions of, with one exception, second-rate plays.

This situation prompts a further question—why should not the large cities outside New York be given good productions of good plays? There is, of course, no simple answer, but the true answer is surely not the easy answer—that there is no demand at the price at which good productions could profitably be presented. In that considerable section of Washington society which is cosmopolitan, the American is apt defensively to lament: "If only we had an Old Vic or a Stratford company . . ." And why not a Shakespeare season in Washington? Who can say that in a growing city of nearly a million people whose chief industry is government administration, a city which necessarily includes a large proportion of the well educated, there is no market for an enterprising company of players, particularly of British players? I am assured that there would be warm support in the local press for any champion of the British theatre prepared to accept such a challenge.

Washington, D.C. CHRISTOPHER B. WILSON

CHANCE OF A LIFETIME

SIR,—In view of Critic's comments last week on *Chance of a Lifetime*, may I ask you to publish this open letter to Mr. Rank?

My dear Arthur Rank,

Have you forgotten your first film, *Turn of the Tide*, made in the early 1930s? You were then, like me, an independent producer, and you found it impossible to get a fair showing for your film. So you decided to buy up a distributing agency and chain of cinemas and show it yourself. And we all praised you for your courage and determination, and thought of you as a potential champion!

Six months ago I found myself in the same boat. I had made a film called *Chance of a Lifetime*, which both of your circuits had refused to show. But I could not afford to buy up a distributing agency and a chain of cinemas. I was left with ten tins of film and nowhere to show them. And I should undoubtedly have been ruined if the Board of Trade had not ordered you to show my film in one of those circuits which you bought in order to show your own.

Now, which was the greater compulsion, yours towards me or theirs towards you? You would have condemned my film to death without a jury and without appeal. And you will agree that death is the most fearful of all compulsions! The press is now inclined to see you as a little man being pushed around by a big Government Monopoly. But what about me and my ten tins of film!

Had there been a Board of Trade Tribunal in 1933, would you have refused its aid in getting your film a fair showing? Would you have called it compulsion in those days, or would you have clutched at it as a drowning man clutches at a straw?

I agree that *Chance of a Lifetime* doesn't fit into

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any of the accepted categories of entertainment. But does that necessarily make it uncommercial? Is it not because the public are fed up with the same old stuff week after week that many cinemas are to-day often half empty?

I hate the idea of compulsion just as much as you do. I think the best plan would be to submit pictures like *Chance of a Lifetime* to a series of previews in key centres all over the country, and let the cinema-goers judge for themselves. And I am sure that you and I could easily sit down and devise such a procedure. I believe that together we could satisfy the Board of Trade that its Film Tribunal is unnecessary and that we could persuade the Government to strike this regulation from the Statute Book. Then neither of us need ever submit to such compulsion again!

Why not let us get together and have a try?

BERNARD MILES

PAKISTAN PRESS

SIR,—I read Mr. Nasim Ahmed's letter and your footnote in your issue of April 8 with mixed feeling. At first I decided to let it slide, but thinking things over in the meantime I have come to the conclusion that, as Mr. Ahmed's views are by no means those of the majority of the Pakistanis, it is fairness to my country, Pakistan, that matters.

Every observer of Indo-Pakistan politics who has followed the recent Bengal communal upheaval closely is expected to know full well that many of the Indian and Pakistan papers did not help the situation by their inflammatory editorials. Now that an agreement has been reached it is hardly relevant w'io did most. The independence of the sub-continent brought unhappily in its train many disintegrating elements. But the sorely needed agreement between the two countries is largely dependent upon how soon their papers reverse their old policies.

I regret that your correspondent gave no credit to your paper for the influential part it played for so long, sometimes against odds, in paving the way with public opinion for the success of the freedom movement of the sub-continent. To say the least, it would be unfortunate were Pakistanis to fail to express their gratitude to you for your support of the greater cause out of which eventually our Pakistan dream became a reality. Because you are pro-India it does not follow that you are anti-Pakistan. After all, we Muslims chose to withdraw from the greater sphere into Pakistan for our own reasons. That was our doing, and we cannot grumble. Your loyalty to the general Indian cause deserves admiration.

I would go one step further than Mr. Krishna Menon went in his Republic Day statement that prosperity of Pakistan was prosperity of India. As one of the South-East Asia nations we must naturally be grateful for any support that any of the European or foreign papers give any of our nations. What is shown to one, in a broad sense, is shown to all.

ABU TAHIR MOHAMMED SIDDIQUE

A NEW APPROACH

SIR,—Mr. J. B. Priestley's letter "To a Russian Colleague" raises a point of importance. Mr. Priestley was invited by M. Ehrenburg to join in a campaign for peace—"to halt the evildoers." Mr. Priestley replied that in recent years he has worked for international understanding both in Unesco and the International Theatre conferences without any support from the Russians. This is not disputed. But it is hardly enough to say, "We tried this, and this, without getting co-operation from the Soviet Union; so, now Russian co-operation is willing and eager, it is our turn to refuse!"

The present campaign has clearly defined objectives: to obtain an international agreement to ban and control the atomic bomb, and to reduce armaments. These objectives must be considered on their own merits; and if Russian co-operation is whole-hearted—as it is—surely it is inconsistent to refuse support from this side?

As Mr. Priestley says, "There are world-problems, such as those of food and population, demanding to be solved"; but it seems unlikely that they can be solved in the middle of an atomic arms race.

It is quite beside the point to introduce attacks on Communism. The issue is not Communism but something much simpler: Are we to get together to try to prevent the danger of general annihilation, or are we not? Nearly all responsible opinion is agreed that the existing proposals for control of atomic power fail to fit the facts. A new approach is necessary. Does Mr. Priestley refuse to support the necessary activity of peoples to persuade their governments to make this approach? Dare he, dare anyone refuse?

SEAN O'CASEY	JAMES ALLDRIDGE
MONTAGU SLATER	ARTHUR CALDER MARSHALL
JOHN SOMERFIELD	PAUL CAPON
RANDALL SWINGLER	JACK LINDSAY
SYLVIA TOWNSEND WARNER	IRIS MORLEY

HOLLYWOOD TEN

SIR,—We, who represent creative workers of all political persuasions in the British film industry, are very concerned to hear that the ten writers and film-makers who were indicted in 1947 by the Un-American Activities Committee of the House of Representatives have been refused their appeal by the Supreme Court, and must now serve a year's imprisonment for contempt of court and each pay a fine of 1,000 dollars for their refusal to declare their political affiliations.

Whilst it is none of our business to comment upon the legal practice of another country, we feel most strongly that the principles involved in the original hearings of this case, which were commented upon very widely in the American and the British Press at the time, and in the refusal of the Supreme Court to hear any appeal, directly affect the liberties of the writer, film-maker and broadcaster in America, and, indirectly, in all other countries.

On behalf of our organisations, we protest against this treatment of our American colleagues.

RONALD NEAME, *Chairman*, British Film Academy
ANTHONY ASQUITH, *President*, Association of Cinematograph and Allied Technicians
FRANK LAUNDER, *President*, Screenwriters' Association

DEATH OF A SQUARE

SIR,—While Mr. Pepper says that a full examination of the proposals was made, he does not say by whom. We know that it was not by those best fitted to do so—the local mayors and the University Grants Committee—and the conclusion reached by Mr. Pepper and his friends is still wide open to my original criticisms.

As for Mr. Pepper's inference that the north side of the Square might as well be demolished now, as the houses have only ten years' estimated life, this shows a cynical disregard of the housing problem. Ten years is quite a long time in the life of a house—long enough for the Government to have spent millions putting up temporary houses with a ten-year life. London is so full of houses that ought to have been pulled down ten, twenty and more years ago that it seems a pity to anticipate the demise of these delightful houses.

Far worse bomb damage has been dealt with in the Regent's Park Terraces. It seems worth considering whether the North side should not be restored and later on adapted for hostel use by horizontal conversion, as is proposed on the East side. Then Kay's fine East facade would not look so incongruous as it would flanked by two pink elephants—one is more than enough.

YOUR CORRESPONDENT

MILLENIAL

SIR,—The undersigned Dutch and Indonesian subscribers and readers of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION would like to congratulate you cordially on the appearance of your journal's thousandth number. They wish to express on this occasion their great appreciation of a weekly journal which upholds England's best traditions: fair play, impartiality, self-criticism, moderation, sense of humour, a right perception of what is new. They hope that the next thousand numbers will continue to show those same qualities.

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A. GROEN-KORTHOF	F. VAN STEENHOVEN
J. GROEN	PH. DE VRIES
F. W. V.D. HAER	D. ZIJLSTRA

[Our readers will, of course, appreciate that the current issue is the 1,000th of a new series, counting from the amalgamation, in 1931, of the *New Statesman* (founded 1913) and the *Nation* (1907).—ED. *N.S. & N.*]

FEATHERBED

SIR,—Lawrence Murfitt cannot pass his featherbed over to us. The Church has given them up since the Tithe Redemption Act, which has caused so many country livings to go down with a bump.

Tithe meant that the big man on the land paid for the poor man's religion—not a bad thing.

Uffculme, Devon. H. C. ALEXANDER

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Books in General

"Good people, I am the Protestant whore!" So Nell Gwynn quietened a mob which had taken her for one of her Roman Catholic colleagues. Professor Feiling* is a writer with too many idiosyncrasies to be so simply docketed. Still, when a man writes a massive history of England, he challenges comparison with Trevelyan, with J. R. Green, even, his publishers think, with Macaulay. Compared with these Mr. Feiling is the Tory historian. Yet this is an elusive category. The Whig interpretation of history is easy to define; all our political thinking rests on it. It is the story of English liberty, founded by Magna Carta, consolidated by the glorious Revolution, expanded by the great Reform Bill, and reaching its highest achievement with the Labour Government. In the words of Ramsay MacDonald, "Up and up and up and on and on and on." It is the doctrine of history as Progress: men always getting wiser and more tolerant; houses more comfortable, food more plentiful; new laws always better than old laws; new ideas always better than old ideas; new wives, I suppose, always better than old wives (this last much practised by the Whig aristocracy).

Liberty ought to be a revolutionary doctrine, the creed of a minority; in England it has become traditional, respectable, universally accepted. This is a result of the glorious Revolution. True Toryism perished in 1688 or, at any rate, with the Hanoverian succession. What sense had "Church and King" in the age of latitudinarian Bishops and German princes? For that matter, even in the twentieth century the Tories, despite their loyal phrases, were responsible for the only real subversion of modern times, the Ulster rebellion of 1914. If Toryism means anything, it rejects the sovereignty of parliament and the doctrine of the Social Contract, which underlay the revolution of 1688. In practice, as Macaulay observed, Toryism amounts to no more than defending Whig achievements of a previous generation. In the world of ideas, the Tories have had to make do with unprincipled adventurers, like Bolingbroke and Disraeli, or to borrow from the other side. Burke, whom Mr. Feiling calls "the largest mind ever given to politics in our island" and "the inspiration of a second party of Tories" was a corrupt Whig hack. A century later, the Tories learnt their Imperialism from the renegade Radical Chamberlain. It would be unfair to blame Toryism for being short of ideas. Ideas are an affair of the mind; and Toryism distrusts the mind in politics. In essence, Toryism rests on doubt in human nature; it distrusts improvement, clings to traditional institutions, prefers the past to the future. It is a sentiment rather than a principle. Mr. Feiling carries this sentiment so far that he can even include Oliver Cromwell in it.

Though reason may be a good guide in politics, it is inadequate for the writing of history; and the very qualities which make Tories detestable as politicians should make them good historians. After all a historian should start by appreciating the past. It is true that Gibbon, the greatest of our historians, had nothing but contempt for his chosen subject; this merely shows that genius can disregard all rules. In lesser men Whig rationalism produces what has been well called "the linotype school of history," in which everyone behaves according to rule, the mysteries of human behaviour vanish, and everything moves relentlessly towards infinite improvement—or to infinite disaster. Perhaps the greatest merit of Mr. Feiling's book is the impression that the history of England, like indeed everything else, remains puzzling to him after a lifetime of study. Events remain, as they are, blurred and confused; it is like listening to a story told entirely in echoes. When we read the narrative of a cocksure historian, we tend to forget that the historian can never speak with first-hand authority; he can only piece together the accounts of others. A novelist creates his characters and therefore knows their every motive and action; Mr. Feiling never forgets that he did not create the English people. Very often he puts his narrative in the form of hearsay. "We hear of Saxon invaders on the south coast"; "there are reports of great acts of cruelty." The effect is of news arriving late and contradictory to a remote country house, where a slow-witted squire is trying to make sense of events, in the short intervals between hunting and fishing.

Toryism starts with the squire, the lesser landowner. Everyone knows that. Mr. Feiling emphasises again and again the permanent elements in rural society. He recognises, as few Whig historians have done, the importance of local government; indeed even parliament bulks largest in his eyes as a gathering of country gentry. The traditional "liberties of England" rested on law and custom, not on rational dogma; and the man who maintained them, as in Poland or Hungary, was the country squire. He maintained them no doubt for his own profit and advantage, a point which Mr. Feiling is inclined to slide over; still England would not be a free country without him. The unique feature of our history is that the conservative defender of liberty had to take other classes into partnership, and finally indeed found himself in the position of a tolerated minority. Mr. Feiling says rightly: "in ages when everywhere in Europe public liberties were being quenched, English law defended freedom"; but he also admits that this "venerable common law" was by the end of the eighteenth century wholly unfit to deal with a new age.

Would these changes come by violence or by agreement? This was the great question of the early nineteenth century. As we know, they came by agreement or, at any rate, by constitutional process. This is usually regarded as the greatest triumph of the Whig spirit. The new Toryism may claim almost as much credit—meaning by this an attitude of mind rather than either the practical common sense of Peel or the flashy trivialities of Disraeli. Though Tory government of the early nineteenth century needed the votes of country squires, it did not represent their outlook nor was it run by them. The squires got the Corn Laws; in return they voted for a government of administrators and soldiers, the former "King's friends." This is a point which Mr. Feiling does not make explicit, but it conditions all the later part of his work. If by Liberalism is meant all those who try to apply reason in politics, and who enter politics in order to improve things, then it is not only Tory landowners who are on the other side. Conservatism becomes the party also of those who are in politics simply to make things work: to promote, no doubt, their own careers, but to promote it by public service. In a splendid Tory phrase, Mr. Feiling quotes the East India Company as declaring on its extinction that the Crown had inherited "such a body of civil and military officers as the world has never seen before." Thus Toryism is no longer a creed merely for the man in the country; it becomes the creed also for the man in the office. Further, when the enterprising capitalist ceases to be adventurous and becomes also a man in the office, Toryism becomes his creed too. Of course this knocks the remaining romance out of Toryism. As Mr. Feiling says regretfully of Peel, "he was cold or deaf to some high sentiments in Tory tradition, whether religious passion or the vision of paternal government."

Thus what may be called the Tory interpretation of history has no longer much to do with high-flown loyalty to the Crown or devotion to the Church of England: it is not even the exaltation of traditional institutions. The Tory spirit in history is shown by an emphasis on administration, by getting ideas out of history and putting humdrum personal motives and office routine in. Until reading Mr. Feiling's book I had thought that the opposite to Whig history was history as it really worked; I now see for the first time that when you take ideas out of history you put Toryism in. When Tout emphasised the administrative history of Edward II against Stubbs's search for the growth of the British constitution, he was not being a better historian than Stubbs; he was being a Tory historian. When Namier empties Hanoverian Whiggism of principle and analyses the personal or family motives which took men into politics, he is not being a better historian than Macaulay; he is being a Tory historian. When Sir Charles Webster admires Palmerston for the efficient way in which he organised the Foreign Office instead of for the great liberal principles which he tried to apply, he, too, is unwittingly opening the gates to the Tory interpretation of history. In fact, as Sir William Harcourt might so wittily have said: "We are all Tories nowadays."

History is no doubt best conducted, like the British constitution, on the principle that Whig plus Tory equals eternal truth. This principle works only so long as it is clear that Toryism is only half the truth, just as Conservatives are only a substantial minority of the nation despite the Union Jack on their platforms and

* *A History of England.* By Keith Feiling. *Macmillan.* 30s.

their masquerade as the National party. Tory history becomes dangerous only when it is presented as impartial history. Mr. Feiling, for instance, appears extremely fair and detached until you look at his treatment of the Radicals. Try him on Wat Tyler, on the Levellers, on the Chartists, and you discover a point at which his English sympathies break down. It is revealing that the only spiteful remark in the book is about Major Cartwright, first advocate of universal suffrage. Characteristic also is the judgment that Tom Paine "had not a rudiment of English feeling, nor was he a thinker," this of the author of *The Rights of Man*, the best statement of democratic belief in any language. In the eyes of the administrator, the reformer and the agitator are a disturbing element, upsetting office-routine and putting forward impractical ideas based on a Utopian faith in human reason.

It was no doubt inevitable that Tory history should gradually take the place of a Whig interpretation which had become traditional and formal. More than this, our whole educational system is now directed to turning out administrators; and these administrators want history with passion left out and with machinery put in. Above all, Whig history was the work of an age which believed in progress. Now even Professor Trevelyan votes Conservative and appeals to others to do so. For Mr. Feiling British greatness ended in 1918; the rest is "aftermath," redeemed only by Neville Chamberlain. This is history written in the spirit of a Roman of the late Empire. The administrator still sits at his desk, the army officer still drills his men; but the wall is crumbling, the barbarians are breaking in, nostalgia has taken the place of hope. Yet even nostalgia is a human sentiment. If we survive at all, both Dr. Trevelyan and Mr. Feiling will be outmoded; what we must expect is history that will be neither Whig nor Tory, but Byzantine. A. J. P. TAYLOR

CONVERSATION PIECE

By moonlight
At midnight,
Under the vines,
A hotel chair
Settles down moodily before the headlines
Of a still-folded evening newspaper.

The other chair
Of the pair
Lies on its back,
Stiff as in pain,
Having been overturned with an angry crack;
And there till morning, alas, it must remain.

On the terrace
No blood-trace,
No sorry glitter
Of a knife, nothing:
Not even the fine-torn fragments of a letter
Or the dull gleam of a flung-off wedding-ring.

Still stable
On the table
Two long-stemmed glasses,
One full of drink,
Watch how the rat among the vines passes
And how the moon trembles on the crag's brink.

ROBERT GRAVES

AMERICAN HEADACHE

The Aspirin Age. Edited by ISABEL LEIGHTON. *The Bodley Head.* 16*s.*

Some years ago, Mr. Robert Graves and Mr. Alan Hodge wrote a book called *The Long Week-end*, an attempt at a social history of England between the wars, the main sources of which appeared to be Mass-Observation reports, the *Evening Standard's* "Londoner's Diary," William Hickey's column in the *Daily Express*, *The Times'* annual index, *Vogue*, and *The Tatler*. *The Aspirin Age*, in which twenty-two writers collaborate to do something comparable for the United States, also bases itself firmly upon the press: "America between the wars, told in terms of the most significant, or typical, or utterly fantastic news events of the gaudy and chaotic years that separated Versailles and Pearl Harbour." The book is a brilliant piece of journalism, constantly engrossing: it is rather as though the staff of *The New Yorker* had sat down to write the recent history of America in the form of its famous profiles, for the tone of the book is liberal, funny, disabused and sad. Reading it, one becomes aware of a new significance in Mr. Thurber's *The Night the Bed Fell*: during the inter-war years, one can't help feeling, for the people of America the bed fell every night . . .

For it is all here—and "all" one can perhaps best convey by reproducing as it were a series of stills from a book that resembles an extended news-film. Wilson embarking on the *George Washington* at Brest and returning to a Congress that disowns him. Izzy Einstein, the most successful of prohibition enforcement agents, masquerading as a thirsty grave-digger to qualify for admittance to a speakeasy situated outside a cemetery. Aimee Semple McPherson sexing up that old-time religion. Warren Harding, the prophet of "normalcy," playing bridge fifteen hours a day in the presidential train, in a desperate attempt to hide from himself the knowledge that his administration was about to break up in the worst scandal in the history of American government. The Ku Klux Klan-dominated inhabitants of North Manchester, Indiana, storming the train from Chicago in the curious belief that the Pope was on it. Calvin Coolidge, saying nothing and doing nothing, ringing all the bells on his desk at the White House for the simple pleasure of seeing all the staff come running in from all parts of the building and grounds. Tunney beating Dempsey, after having been knocked down for a count of nine. Vanzetti wise-cracking in Dedham Jail: "We're capitalists, Nick and me. We have domicile, we eat, we don't do work. We're non-producers — we live off other men's work outside." Lindbergh, his prolonged quarrel with the United States not yet begun, returning from his transatlantic flight to find five hundred thousand letters, seventy-five thousand telegrams and two goods wagon loads of press cuttings waiting for him.

And we're not half-way through yet. There's still the financial crash of 1929 to come; not to mention—to pick out the most important events—the appearance of Father Coughlin with his radio audience of thirty to forty millions; the first inspiring months of the New Deal; the rise to power and assassination of Huey Long; the marriage of the Duke of Windsor to Mrs. Simpson (whose London house, we are told, "had been stoned in November by a mob of angry Britishers"); the "Memorial Day Massacre," when the Chicago police shot down strikers and their families outside the Republic Steel plant; the Orson Welles "invasion from Mars" broadcast; and the attack on Pearl Harbour itself.

What are we to conclude from this most efficiently written, admirably documented recital of tragic, pathetic and comic events; remembering that they are not by any means of equal importance and that we are given no general background against which to see them? In her introduction, Miss Isabel Leighton writes as though the period of the great American headache were over. But is it? As I write, there is a "Red scare" in progress quite as virulent as that which gave the Ku Klux Klan its power and led to the deaths of Sacco and Vanzetti; and throughout the United States it seems that people have only to look in the skies to see flying saucers, and some have even seen their crews, tiny men from Mars armed with radar equipment. Perhaps an aspirin age is endemic to the United States. But if it is, why? One cannot help noticing, as one turns the pages of this book, what one can only call a vacuum in the souls, not of all Americans certainly but of many millions, and those scattered throughout the country, a vacuum which must be filled somehow and into which the oratory of revivalists and demagogues like Mrs. McPherson, Coughlin, Stephenson of the Ku Klux Klan, and Huey Long irresistibly rushes. As Mr. Carey McWilliams says of Mrs. McPherson's disciples in Los Angeles, in his contribution to this book:

> Migration severs allegiances and weakens old loyalties. It creates the social fluidity out of which new cults grow and flourish. Nine out of ten of Aimee's followers were converts from the orthodox Protestant creeds, migrants from small-town and farming areas in the Middle West. Full of nostalgia for the corn belt but mightily intrigued by sunny California, aching with loneliness and the feeling of "wanting to know someone," they found their heart's desire in Angelus Temple, Sister Aimee, and the Shared Happiness of Kindred Souls.

The Shared Happiness of Kindred Souls: it is the great American dream, and Whitman is its poet. In the American psyche there seems to be a desperate craving to "belong," a desperate craving for inner security, a dread of any kind of isolation. Indeed, "belonging" was what Harding really meant by "normalcy"; and it was his undoing just as it was that of the thousands of poor men who sent Coughlin their dollar-bills each week. It wasn't that Harding was a wicked man; in a sense he was betrayed by his innocence: he couldn't believe that the "boys" with whom he played poker in the White House could possibly doublecross him.

On the face of it, this craving to "belong" and its concomitant gullibility would seem to make the American masses—immigrant, migrant, rootless—perfect victims of the Fascist demagogue; and, of the popular movements described in this book, the Ku Klux Klan and Coughlin's Social Justice Clubs were certainly Fascist in implication, while Huey Long was, in all essentials, the complete Fascist dictator. Yet all failed; partly no doubt because, as Mr. Stegner says of Coughlin, "the depression was brutal and hard and long, but it did not go deep enough to give a demagogue real anguish to manipulate." But there is another reason, of which *The Aspirin Age* itself is an instance: the strength of the tradition of fierce American self-criticism, the "muck-raking" tradition in American journalism and literature. It would be platitudinous to remark that the instruments of publicity, the press, radio, cinema and now television, are more powerful in America than anywhere else in the world; but we sometimes forget that publicity works two ways. If it was newspaper publicity that was mainly responsible for the initial success of Aimee McPherson, it was also newspaper publicity that ruined her. American journalism is essentially the journalism of exposure, and so, very largely, is American fiction. Senator McCarthy exposes Reds in high places—and it sometimes seems that half the current output of American plays and novels are exposing the sort of mind that Senator McCarthy represents. Negroes are denied their rights in some Southern states—and for years the colour problem has been one of the staple themes of American fiction. The Commonwealth of Massachusetts could electrocute Sacco and Vanzetti, though it took seven years to do so—but it could not prevent the rest of the United States knowing that injustice was being done. The truth is, no people in the world has ever revelled in rubbing its own nose in the muck more than the American. *The Aspirin Age* is the latest exuberant example. WALTER ALLEN

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GOLLANCZ

METHUEN

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THE FIRST MODERN NOVEL

The Princesse de Clèves. By MADAME DE LAFAYETTE. Translated by NANCY MITFORD. *Euphorion Books.* 12s. 6d.

La Princesse de Clèves is sometimes called the first modern novel. It appeared in 1667, more than a generation before *Gil Blas* and *Manon Lescaut* in France and *Moll Flanders* in England; and it marks the break with chivalrous and rhetorical romance, the transition from noble to common experience. Madame Lafayette did not, in fact, regard her book as a novel but called it a memoir; one is tempted to compare it with a severe hand mirror held critically, temperately and with resignation to the human heart and sharpening the moral lineaments. In French literature the *genre* contains a chain of masterpieces from *Candide* to *Adolphe* and *Dominique*.

The formal exposition of feeling in isolation has not been an English taste or talent. Mme. de Lafayette's story of a young married woman who resists successfully a seemingly irresistible lover is the kind of thing which is at once diffused among other matters in the sociable and energetic English novelists. In *Clarissa*, for example, the obstinate virtue of the heroine is just as much a hypocritical device for spinning out the suspense and variety of the action, as it is an opportunity for the disinterested examination of the heart. Not until the last volume of Richardson's great peeping encyclopædia could she become comparable with the Princesse. But at Mme. de Lafayette's side stood La Rochefoucauld with his maxims, sharpening and cutting and polishing her narrative, narrowing it down to what it could justly and intensely contain and no more. Those who have read Mme. de Lafayette's other novels have suggested that La Rochefoucauld must have written it, for it is so enormously superior to her other work. But as Miss Nancy Mitford points out, in the rather jaunty introduction to her new translation, it is not unknown for novelists to fail many times before (and after) producing a work which transcends. The theme of the *Princesse* is close to that of Mme. de Lafayette's other work. She was clearly impelled by the strongest experience of a lifetime, just as *Adolphe* telescoped and summed up Constant's experience in love. The simplicity of her manner, the ordinary and lowered tone of her voice, the exactness and lack of emphasis in her language, at first mislead the reader; but soon that alarum which lies in French precision begins to ring. The cool, grey story rocks the heart; the faces in the cold mirror become warm and tragic. Her method is to recall the life of a profligate court from what appears to be the point of view of inhibition, and her irony is that all the sensibility is on the side of the faithful and virtuous. Once our sympathy for the Princesse has been raised, the amorists around her strike us as being tough. She is not a prude. She has not Clarissa's conventional virtue. She is not a religious. The only forbidding quality of the Princesse is that she has been trained by an adoring and melancholy mother to use her reason; and reason rather than virtue tells her that the duties of profound affection must protect her from the miseries of passionate love.

But passionate love is, of course, the subject: its unnoticed entry into the young wife's heart, its importunate advances, and then the havoc it plays with her will. What she will decide at night will be reversed in the morning; the more she resists, the more she is driven. At the point of victory for herself, she is shaken by the sudden clamour of an emotion she has up till then never known; jealousy, the Familiar, stands wrangling in her mind. In moral terror she enacts the great central scene which the hardened critics of the time thought so impossible but which to us seems so "modern": she begs her husband to help her and the evil now spreads to him:

> Then how do you know this person loves you? asked M. de Clèves, what signs of love has he given you?
>
> Spare me, she said, from having to tell you certain little things which I am ashamed to have noticed and which made me only too well aware of my own weakness.
>
> You are right, he said, it isn't fair of me. You must always refuse when I ask you things like that, but you must not be angry because I ask.

The conflict is a true tragedy: against the denial of love to the husband for lack of passion, is placed the denial of passion to the lover, because of her husband's love.

But the author, relentless and delicate, has one more turn of the screw. The husband, with great sensibility, dies. The lady is free and still refuses her lover. Guilt is at first her reason; but, as this declines, her true motives appear. She is a woman whose head rules her heart. Those who yield to passion expose their happiness and their pride to the extreme bitterness of human life. Better to suffer the agonies of renunciation (and, incidentally, collect the dividends of virtue) than to see one's passion betrayed, as it inevitably will be, after satiety. The examples of the Court are notorious, wretched, even grotesque. Those who believe profoundly in love will be wise to preserve it in the imagination untainted. The Princesse becomes the novice of sublimation: it is the conclusion of the platonics, but how much more diverse and animated and precise, how much more touched with the accent of life, is the journey to it, than the straight and narrow way enjoined upon us by the pious moralists of this rather starchy school. But then Mme. de Lafayette never lost sight of her subject: it was love and not virtue, it was life not the good life.

As she was a plain, unkind and intellectual woman, Mme. de Lafayette lends herself to caustic portraiture. The platonic liaison of this snobbish, ugly woman with La Rochefoucauld, by this time bereaved and screaming with gout, is bizarre. Miss Mitford lets herself go in evoking the acerbities of the house in the Rue de Vaugirard. Her translation is cleverly close to the original though it sometimes sacrifices edge to a touch of modishness. When Mme. de Lafayette says, for example, that a certain piece of news was "poison" to one of the characters, Miss Mitford says it was "the purest poison." But it is hard to see how the close translator is to manage those sudden, simple words in French prose that lie like perfectly rounded pebbles, irreplaceable and not to be casually picked up. She has done very well and kept a good surface which is of supreme importance in this book.

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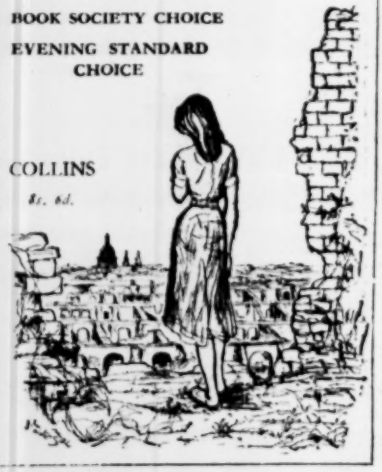

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AMBASSADORIAL JOURNALISM

Moscow Mission 1946–49. By Lieut.-General W. BEDELL SMITH. *Heinemann.* 15s.

The type of literature to which Ambassador Bedell Smith's book belongs is a curious phenomenon of this post-World-War-II period. Not professional writers and journalists fill to-day the pages of the popular press or the window displays of bookshops, but ex-Ambassadors, ex-military Attachés, ex-Generals, ex-S.S. thugs like the now famous Skorzeny—in short, anyone who has "secrets" and "inside stories" to tell. Ambassador Bedell Smith's book is, on the whole, above the ordinary cut of this type of literature, but it suffers from some of its faults. When he tells us a straightforward story of what he said to Stalin and what Stalin said to him, and deals with some other aspects of his professional duties in Moscow during his tenure of office, he is invariably worth reading. Not that even these sections contain any real "revelations"—neither the Soviet-American exchanges of 1946, nor the story of the Foreign Ministers' Conference in Moscow in 1947—and the story of the negotiations at the time of the Berlin Blockade is rather too "written-up" to be of great value as a historic document. The Hopkins *Papers* would have told the story much better. But Bedell Smith's personal impressions of Stalin and Molotov are valuable, as are also his conclusions—whether right or wrong—about the technique of Soviet diplomacy and about the respective weight of say, Stalin's, Molotov's, or Vyshinsky's authority.

Generally, Bedell Smith was not happy during his years in Moscow; and small wonder. Mr. Truman and Mr. Byrnes had, for one thing, sent Eisenhower's former Chief-of-Staff as Ambassador to Moscow under the mistaken impression that "the successful Soviet field commanders, who had been almost deified during the war . . . would continue to have a potent influence on Soviet policies, and possibly upon foreign relations." Instead of which General Bedell Smith had to deal with Molotov and Vyshinsky and, on four occasions, with Stalin. He was impressed by Stalin's quiet and, on the surface, friendly manner, but he found that neither Stalin, nor any of the others, were much inclined to call off the Cold War. In fact, he found them all as hard as nails, and if he had any illusions about establishing cordial relations with influential Red Army generals, these illusions did not last. Like all other Western diplomats, General Bedell Smith found himself thoroughly isolated.

Usually the American Ambassador was not taken in by what people there said to him, but a few times he clearly was—for instance, when he says:

> Several Soviet citizens told us that interest in the "Voice of America" was intense in Moscow, and that every day the subjects it discussed were spread by word of mouth through the greater part of the city's population. The effect of these broadcasts on Russian thought was very great.

This, I think, is untrue, and reveals a basic misunderstanding of Soviet mentality. First, those who listen to the "Voice" do not think it wise to tell everybody about it; secondly, the number of people listening to the "Voice" is very limited, even in Moscow; and—a point the Ambassador would find hard to understand—many of those who did listen were not fascinated, but extremely irritated by some of the things they heard. This was particularly true during the early stages of the "Voice," which made the error of telling the Russians in a gloating manner how stupendously prosperous all Americans were. In spite of such spells of wishful

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thinking, General Bedell Smith is, nevertheless, conscious most of the time of the terrifying strength of the Soviet system—a strength derived not only from the "police state," but also from a strong nationalism and from the stultifying, and yet invigorating power of Soviet propaganda. He does not make the mistake of calling Russia a colossus on feet of clay, and does not seem to think forced labour a highly detrimental factor in terms of military strength. Like most people writing on this highly controversial subject, he juggles with figures, and manages to arrive at an estimate of 15 million slaves by including among them, not only war prisoners, but the millions of pupils of the various trade schools, who, after graduating, do a normal term of three or four years' work in any part of the country to which they might be sent. They thus "repay the State for their free education"; and that is precisely how the great majority of these well-conditioned young people look upon their temporary "industrial conscription." To include them among "forced labour" is stretching a point unduly, to say the least. However, as General Bedell Smith rightly says in respect of forced labour generally:

> From our point of view, whether there are one or ten million political prisoners is less important than . . . that there are numbers of individuals sent to concentration camps.

That's quite another story.

General Bedell Smith's final analysis of the world is really desperately gloomy. He thinks the Russians aggressive, though he doubts whether they will start a war very soon. They must first consolidate economically at home, and politically in the satellite states; and America, for the present, is still stronger militarily and industrially. What then is the answer? It is a soldier's answer. Re-arm, and consolidate politically in Western Europe—whatever that means. On American policy General Bedell Smith is apt to be smug; Marshall Aid to him is invariably "generous" and "disinterested," and Russia is solely responsible for the Cold War. This may be true to-day; was it true three years ago? He makes no allowances at all for the fear and resentment caused in Russia by America's monopoly of the atom bomb, and by the diplomatic use she made of it. To say, as he does, that Russia only had to accept the Baruch Plan is over-simplifying the issue. His "party line" is, in its own way, as simple as the Russian one, and he wants to know nothing of the subtle agonies of Western Europe.

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STILL KICKING

The Dodo: THE STORY OF THE VILLAGE SCHOOLMASTER. By VICARS BELL. *Faber*. 12s. 6d.

Since few teachers are called, it is unfortunate that so many have to be chosen; for the sins of our teachers are not less far-reaching in their consequences than the sins of our fathers; and our fathers themselves were taught. Those of us who have sufficiently recuperated from our school education to perceive the dangers we survived are much fewer than those who have not; and damage is still being done in thousands of classrooms. In at least one classroom, however, the children are being spared. Mr. Bell, the schoolmaster of Little Gaddesden Church of England School, is a teacher by vocation, a curer and straightener of souls. This is his autobiography. It is a valiant book and, in spite of its humour, a sad one; for it is the *cri-de-cœur* of a defeated man who has endured and overcome a justifiable bitterness.

Mr. Bell's book is a perfect demonstration of his thesis that a clear and honest memory of childhood is the indispensable requirement of a good teacher. His own childhood, about which he writes wittily and objectively, was grim, but not unhappy. His parents were both Scots who had migrated to Redhill in Surrey, where his father was manager of a large printing-works. They were strict Presbyterians, and their children were subjected to a discipline that would now be considered harsh. Three times every Sunday they were led to church (once to Sunday school and twice to a service) at which indefatigable preachers with a Jamesian delight in difficulty for art's sake would construct sixty-minute sermons upon such unpromising texts as: "Behold the rod of an almond tree." At the age of five Mr. Bell began his long school career. Being the bright member of the family he was sent to one of the better-class local preparatory schools, where well-intentioned gentlewomen instructed him in the rudiments of being an English Gentleman. It was not a bad school, and its customs and taboos were not more quaint than those that are to be found in many such institutions to-day. Its preparatory work was nevertheless wasted on Mr. Bell because he continued his education at Reigate Grammar School. He read voraciously, worked sporadically; he enjoyed a conventional affection for a conventional Adonis, the captain of many games. The most significant fact that emerges from this period of his life is that he remembers himself to have been "the foulest-mouthed and most lewd-minded of my companions." In the course of his book we see for ourselves how this accurate memory of a primitive state of mind has protected his pupils from unnecessary suffering and unreasonable punishment.

Unable to get to Cambridge, Mr. Bell found himself forced to choose between entering an office or becoming an elementary school teacher. He chose the latter, and was eventually appointed to the headmastership of the village school at Spaldham Magna in Huntingdonshire. That was in 1927, and he has been a village schoolmaster ever since.

His book is in the nature of a personal testimony against a policy that is directing more and more country children to be educated in the towns. He insists that he is not sentimental about the country; but, however that may be, he believes passionately that children derive great spiritual benefits from contact with the soil and from familiarity with the seasons and their mysteries. Mr. Bell strengthens his argument with illustrations of his own practice. For instance, there is an account of the problems set him by the "evacuees" from East London in 1939 and a description of the way he overcame them. Having been the victims of adult delinquency many of these children were what we choose to call juvenile delinquents. By giving them unceasingly the love and kindness of which they had been starved, and by looking for and fostering their individual interests, Mr. Bell restored them to humanity. It is a moving story with plenty of comic incident.

Mr. Bell has many other strong views about education, all of which he has arrived at empirically. Quite early in his career he decided that he would never again degrade himself and his pupils by inflicting corporal punishment. He regards "competition" as pernicious and asks what sort of spiritual life is possible for those who throughout their early years are encouraged, either by the hope of reward or by the fear of punishment, to score over their fellows. According to the viewpoint of his readers Mr. Bell will be considered a crank, a progressive, a sentimentalist, or even a mixture of all three. But one fact about him is indisputable: he is a teacher who concerns himself with the soul of every single one of his pupils, the "good" as well as the "bad"; and when they need his help he is always ready to act as a mediator between their childish desires and the ruthless exactions of the world. This in itself is so exceptional that at the close of the book we are left wondering whether, if the town cannot come to Mr. Bell, Mr. Bell should not be sent to the town.

MICHAEL RAMSBOTHAM

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These three books might have been written on different planets, and nothing in any of them, except perhaps the court scenes in *Jean Barois*, appears to me to be characteristically French. I except the court scenes because they gave the sense of reeling confusion which is always produced in me by French legal procedure. *Week-end at Zuydcoote*, it is true, with its bright casual violence, its murder and fighting and rape, and even more by its evocation of the higher absent-mindedness, recalls the Camus of *L'Etranger*. It recalls Camus, too, in its attempt, but not in its success, at arriving in the still centre. Yet M. Merle has placed himself well for his attempt. The dissolution of the French Army, and the Dunkirk evacuation, provide a soil in which violence and the sense of being lost, expelled by civilisation, grow naturally. M. Merle deals with the individual events, and builds up the atmosphere with a brilliance which is perhaps febrile and intermittent, but which gives to many of the scenes a sharp, memorable quality, a quality of nightmare, as of scenes which one wouldn't believe if one hadn't seen them. For example, Maillat, the hero, succeeds in getting aboard a boat, but it is bombed, and set on fire quite near the shore. He himself jumps overboard, but many of the men on board, in the grip of that paralysis which in nightmares is so familiar, won't jump, but simply wait to be burned to death. What is unsatisfactory about the book is that Maillat's eventual fate does not appear as being in any way either necessary or representative. He appears rather simply as a man in a tough spot, who happens to have bad luck.

I say "appears," because it is difficult to feel sure or indeed to form any satisfactory opinion about this book. The translation, by K. Rebillon-Lambley, drove me to the original, but by that

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With *Jean Barois* we enter another world, both in the subject, and in the admirable English version by Stuart Gilbert. The novel was published in France in 1913, and deals with the period from 1880 onwards. The theme is Rationalism versus Religion, particularised as French Anti-clericalism versus French Catholicism, with all the period associations of the Dreyfus Affair. The hero is a renegade Catholic who leaves his devout wife and family to set up as a free-thinking propagandist, playing Newman to a group which is as dedicated, but unfortunately not so interesting as were the leaders of the Oxford Movement. They publish a magazine; they champion Dreyfus; in the end they break up. One commits suicide. As for Barois himself, his fate is exactly that so brilliantly and grimly forecast for his type in de Sade's *Aline et Valcour:*

> That's what your end will be; I see you from here surrounded by priests proving to you that the devil is waiting for you, and you trembling and blanching, crossing yourself and forswearing your tastes and your friends, and then dying like an imbecile.

The effect of this book—apart from its ending—upon a reader in 1950, is like that of going into a room on the morning after a party. Obviously it was a good party. Some of the glasses, some of the bottles, still have champagne in them. The ashtrays are overflowing; there is a smell of stale cigar-smoke about the curtains. One feels, a little, that one would like to have been there when it was in full swing, but only a little, because it is now, so irrevocably, over. It is more than M. du Gard can do to bring it to life again. We catch the excitement only when he is dealing with action, and particularly when he is writing about the Affair. Yet here again the topicality of the book catches it out. The account given is allusive, and while French readers in 1913 would of course catch all the allusions, it is much less easy for English readers in 1950. One has the impression, indeed, from the way in which it is written, that one is perhaps expected to identify the Barois group with non-fictitious originals. If this is so, I can only say that I for one am too ignorant to do so. In any case the Affair does not take up as much of the book as all that, and too much of the rest of it is taken up with discussions which are all too like the "March of Mind" conversations satirised in *Crotchet Castle*.

Chevallier. Another complete change. *Mascarade* consists of four long short stories. If I had not been reviewing the book I should not have got beyond the first one. A study—if you could call it that—of the deterioration of an honest patriotic Frenchman into a collaborating black-marketeer, it is written in brisk exploitation of the humour of slyness, which in this context strikes a disagreeably false note. "An honest man, of course, but a hungry one, and if you leave a hungry man alone with a fine big liver sausage—" This is not an actual quotation, but an attempt to indicate the note I mean, a note which can be very pleasant in one of those films about French village-life, but needs very delicate handling in a story which ends with an execution scene. This particular kind of delicacy, this driving of tragedy and gross comedy in double harness, of fitting the liver sausage and the execution scene into the same story, is one of Maupassant's finest gifts, but it is not one of the gifts which M. Chevallier shares with him. This is worth saying, because elsewhere in the volume, when M. Chevallier is at his best, it is of Maupassant that he reminds one. *Aunt Zoë* seems to me to owe quite a lot to the master, not only in its construction, but in the fine vividness, the *éclat*, of its characterisation. The *éclat*, of course, is gained by a sacrifice of subtlety, not to say of delicacy. But then misplaced subtlety and delicacy are what have practically killed this fine medium, the long short story.

The third piece in the book is a neat, well-contrived, readable, but rather shallow story about a murderer, called *Parrot*. It is the last story, *Buried Treasure*, which I found really impressive. An old man is digging in his garden for the gold he buried there many years before, and as he digs he recalls scenes from his past life. This is a very difficult way to write a story, but M. Chevallier manages it with great ease. He also provides a dramatic, if not staggeringly surprising, ending. What is really admirable, however, is the unity of mood and atmosphere, the bleakness, sadness, and disillusion of even a happy old age after a good and successful life. This is a grim story, but it is not meanly grim; like a draught of Schopenhauer's wintry pessimism, it is rather fortifying.

J. D. SCOTT

THE SIEGE OF JERUSALEM.

Jerusalem Embattled. By HARRY LEVIN. *Gollancz.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The Holy Land has probably been more fought over than any area of Europe except Belgium, and Christians who professed to see, in the battle for Jerusalem of 1948, the final condemnation of a godless century succeeded merely in showing their historical ignorance. Such ignorance has never been shared by the Jews who are moved by historical myths, prophecies, or parallels to an extent which no Gentile can fully understand. Throughout Mr. Levin's diary of the siege of Jerusalem, side by side with the emergence of the new state of Israel, there runs the theme of past conflicts, triumphs and pogroms. Every poster contains a quotation from Isaiah. Operation officers, planning an attack on the Arab-held Old City, study Flavius' *History of the Jewish Wars*, while the troops are told: "You stand before the walls of Jerusalem. For 1877 years no Jew has climbed them." "For 1877 years"—what other nation would be so historically pedantic?

It is this communal sense of the past, with its desperate hopes for the future, that distinguishes *Jerusalem Embattled* from the ordinary run of war diaries. The sordid miseries of siege warfare are here in plenty—the girl upstairs miscarries, a tin of food changes hands for £12, surgeons are forced to operate with unsterilised instruments—but there is none of that feeling of utter futility which has characterised Western war literature since *A Farewell to Arms*. We feel that the stringy Americans, the serious young students of the Talmudic college "in their knee-length coats, long black stockings, and broad-brimmed black hats," the old man mumbling the Psalms in the shelter, the wireless operator from Tito's resistance have been through all this before, but that this time it is going to be different. At no moment in Mr. Levin's diary do we expect the new State to be overwhelmed, or the resistance of Jewish Jerusalem to be overcome. As the siege advances, as the water ration dwindles, as the supply of electric current becomes more and more intermittent, as Mr. Levin and his Czech wife begin to itch with dirt and sweat, and snap at each other because they can obtain no disinfectant for the w.c., the determination of the Jewish inhabitants to hold out never slackens. History has reached a certain point:

> We've run enough in our lifetimes. This is the one place where we belong, and here we stay rooted. Shells aren't going to dislodge us.

The Arabs can afford to run away; Egypt, Iraq, King Abdullah will take them in. For the Jews there is no alternative to victory.

During part of the siege Mr. Levin was in charge of the underground Haganah broadcasting service from Jerusalem, and many of his entries read like the breathless reports of a war correspondent. It is perhaps too public, too self-conscious a record to endure. Every little incident must be noted as significant, "part of this miraculous process," with the author "living it, watching it, the spanning of 2,000 years before my eyes." (His wife was understandably resentful of his diary.) There are times when his comments remind us of Mr. Graham Greene's remark that at a crisis men always think in clichés. But, as the siege progresses, the diary's imperfections are forgotten in the general pace and scope of events. *Jerusalem Embattled* becomes an expression of communal defiance and courage. "Nothing about me seems my own any more, least of all my dignity."

The student couple upstairs go back to the States for a holiday after the siege is lifted, but we know they will return—they are part of Jerusalem. The new state of Israel will make mistakes, will throw up demagogues, red tape, injustice, but "whatever we evolve will at least be our own." The new army may issue its orders in five different languages. There may be a gulf between its soldiers, between the Budapest bookie who said: "I want to dig my hands into the earth and know that it is mine and that I'll never have to leave it" and the American who told Mr. Levin: "Well, I thought Palestine was full of Jews with long beards wanting to pray at the Wailing Wall, and I wasn't going to let any goddam Arab stop them." But in four months of struggle a nation is recreated before our eyes, with its own *mystique*, its own past, and its own fierce hopes. Mr. Levin has succeeded; it is as if we were there.

R. C. WRIGHT

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Company Meetings

JOHN SUMMERS & SONS

RECORD INGOT PRODUCTION

MR. RICHARD F. SUMMERS ON NATIONALISATION

THE annual general meeting of John Summers & Sons, Ltd., will be held on May 25 in London.

The following is an extract from the statement of the chairman, Mr. Richard F. Summers, circulated with the report and accounts for the year to December 31, 1949:—

We have been able to show an increased profit. This is due to increased production made possible by even more efficient operation in the works. Once more I am very pleased to tell you that in all departments we have broken our previous records, our production of ingots reaching approximately 720,000 tons. This record make of ingots, coupled with the fact that we have obtained a further supply of strip mill slabs from outside sources, has resulted in the production on the hot strip mill being increased by some 35,000 tons, but, of course, the most satisfactory feature is that we have been enabled to deliver more finished sheets and light plates to our customers than ever before in the whole of our history.

DISTRIBUTION OF INCOME

As I have done on previous occasions, I give you below figures showing the distribution of the group's income:—

	£	%
Gross proceeds of sales and income from investments, etc. ..	19,553,194	100.0
Raw materials	5,875,217	30.1
Wages, salaries, fees, pensions, State and workmen's compensation insurance	4,995,239	25.6
Maintenance materials, spares miscellaneous supplies and expenses	2,320,901	11.9
Coal, fuel oil and electricity	2,848,761	14.6
Carriage	569,592	2.9
Taxation, including special reserve for deferred taxation	1,424,151	7.3
Provision for depreciation	510,970	2.6
Transfer to reserves	611,175	3.1
Dividends—net	377,188	1.9
	19,533,194	100.0

The net profit, after providing £360,000 for depreciation and £200,000 for special reserve for deferred taxation, amounts to £934,419, out of which dividends take £377,188, leaving £557,231 retained in the business.

EXPORT MARKET

In spite of the record tonnages to which I have already referred, we have not been able to satisfy all the demands placed upon us, and once again we have only been able export to our many customers overseas a small percentage of their requirements. The general policy of the Government is that raw materials should only be exported if it is impossible to process these materials into more highly finished products which can then be exported, thereby yielding a greater measure of foreign exchange for the same tonnage. The great bulk of our production has therefore gone to manufacturers in this country, a large proportion of whose finished products has gone to the export markets.

We are, however, fully alive to the fact that sooner or later we shall have to rely to a considerably larger extent on direct exports, and for this reason a number of our directors and officials have been sent on visits to many parts of the world to keep in touch with our customers there, and to explain to them why we have not been able to do more for them during the last few years. You will, I know, be glad to hear that everywhere they went they were very cordially received, and that your company's reputation was held in the highest possible esteem.

DEVELOPMENT SCHEME

I will now turn to our development scheme. When, at the request of the Government, the whole steel industry of Great Britain was reviewed and the large scheme of development covering some £200,000,000 was agreed upon, our melting shop, blast furnace, and coke ovens at Shotton were an important part of the plan. In order to get the full benefit of the expenditure incurred in pre-war years it was necessary that we should increase our ingot output to a figure of 18,000 tons a week, and it was abundantly clear to us that such a figure could not be safely embarked upon unless we assured our own supplies of pig iron, which could only be done by installing a blast furnace and coke ovens at Shotton.

When these developments are completed we anticipate that we shall be able to increase our output of finished sheets without any serious capital expenditure on our rolling mills by about 25 to 30 per cent. on our present figure. The whole scheme, which we hope will be completed in about three years, we estimate will cost between £14/15,000,000, a substantial proportion of which we expect to be able to provide from our own resources. We are very fortunate in that the whole of our rolling process was brought up to date in 1939, so that even when we have completed this latest development our modern plant will not have cost us more than £20,000,000. We shall, when the work is completed, have a most modern integrated steel plant, capable of producing between three-quarters to a million tons of steel per annum, and we shall be in a highly competitive position, not only with plants in this country, but with all others anywhere else in the world.

POLITICAL UNCERTAINTY

From the outset of this project the whole question of finance has been overshadowed by the uncertainty of the political position, but at the various talks which we have had from time to time with our financial advisers and our bankers they have expressed the view that if it were not for these uncertainties our strong position would ensure that there would be little difficulty in raising the necessary additional money on favourable terms.

All along your directors have felt that no obstacle should be put in the way of your company's developments, which they feel convinced are necessary, both from the company's point of view and also in the interests of the nation as a whole. Accordingly, we have been proceeding with our plans notwithstanding the fact that no concrete steps have as yet been taken to secure the necessary finance. Since the General Election talks have been renewed, but owing to the present impasse finance on a short-term basis may need to be arranged, leaving the final and more permanent arrangements to be made at a later date when the industry's future has been clarified.

NATIONALISATION OF THE IRON AND STEEL INDUSTRY

As I have already said, the political situation is still very obscure. I think you will recollect that when the Government agreed to the amendment of the House of Lords last summer that the operation of the Steel Act should be postponed until after the General Election, it was because it was felt that the electors should be given an opportunity of expressing a view upon the desirability or otherwise of nationalising this industry; this opportunity was given last February, and a majority of about one and three quarter million electors voted against it—you will remember it was part of the Liberal Party's manifesto that they were opposed to the nationalisation of the iron and steel industry. At the time at which the Government accepted the amendment from the House of Lords the Minister of Supply said: "... in an atmosphere of political tension and uncertainty it would plainly be unwise to proceed now with the selection of individuals to serve on the Corporation. Men who may well be best suited for this responsible task might understandably be reluctant to commit themselves to accepting such a position, and throw up their present jobs, so long as they think there is a possibility, however remote, that the Corporation may not, after all, be established. . . ." If that was true at that time, surely it has greater force to-day, because there is a clear majority in the country against the Act, although there is still a Socialist Government, but with a negligible majority.

I have said on previous occasions that I can see no justification for interfering with an industry which has demonstrated that it is quite capable of managing its own affairs, and is fully alive to its responsibilities to the nation. The industry's achievement in 1949 of beating all previous records has merely added to my conviction that nothing but harm could come by interfering with our present set up. Many of you will have seen the slogan "Steel is serving you well." Personally, I believe that it is, and I think the great majority of the consumers of steel and the public as a whole share my view.

UNITED CANNERS LTD.

GOVERNMENT AND THE CANNING INDUSTRY

MR. J. B. DRING'S SPEECH

THE Eighteenth Annual General Meeting of United Canners, Ltd., was held on April 27th at Boston.

In the course of his remarks, the Chairman, Mr. J. B. Dring, said: Referring to the combined accounts, the profit on trading and other sundry receipts amounted to £483,206, an increase of £118,596 over the previous year. The combined net profit, before taxation, was £259,679, which, with the amount brought forward from last year, made a total of £302,550.

After provision for taxation and the dividend of 25 per cent., and also the amount of £90,000 transferred to general reserve, there remains a balance of £39,834 to be carried forward. Current assets of the group were £737,680, against current liabilities of £517,177.

Some additions were made during the year to our buildings, plant, and machinery, in the hope that the time was approaching when the British canning industry would be freed from its shackles, and would be able to obtain all the cans and sugar required for its products. We were encouraged in this hope by the fact that the canning industry in every country except Great Britain is already in this position.

This year, however, the British canning industry has unfortunately had to accept additional restrictions, with a reduction in sugar to 75 per cent. of last year's supply, and even on that basis, cans required for production are not now available, owing to the excessive export of tinplate.

THE EXPORT POSITION

Exports are required to pay for essential foods, but surely export should not be carried to the point where tinplate is exported to pay for imports of luxury foods.

I want to make myself quite clear. Obviously, the general total of exports pays for the general total of imports. Now if imports of luxury foods for the rich should be diminished, there could be a corresponding reduction in exports, and this reduction could be made in tinplate, thus making that available for foods which can be purchased by people of limited means, such as processed peas and beans in tomato sauce, both valuable foods, rich in protein.

In this matter, it would appear that the Government is divided against itself. Specific allocations for the production of popular foods are made to canners by the Ministry of Food, each canner being informed what he may pack and what sugar will be available to cover his pack. On the other hand, the Board of Trade refuses to allow sufficient tinplate to produce the cans required to pack these specific allocations made by the Ministry of Food.

SHORTAGE OF CANS

So far as we are concerned, not only have we insufficient cans to complete the allocation of processed peas made to us by the Ministry of Food, but we have no cans whatever to pack the beans in tomato sauce also allocated to us by the Ministry of Food. In addition to that, our subsidiary company, Sandring, Ltd., which operates a factory in a Distressed Area, will shortly have to close down because of the fact that while the Ministry of Food have allocated a pack of beans in tomato sauce which would keep the factory going for months, the Board of Trade have carried the export of tinplate to such an excess that not a single can is available for this pack.

Then, further, since devaluation, an acute shortage of imported canned fruits has developed, as there are no supplies from America.

In view of this, what steps are being taken by the Government to obtain an adequate supply of imported canned fruits? That this is regarded as a matter of negligible importance is sufficiently indicated by the fact that we were refused permission to import 25,000 cases of canned apricots and peaches from a company in the sterling area which we ourselves established two years ago, and which could have been available for consumers in Great Britain at reasonable prices.

What will be ensured will be an acute shortage of canned English fruits next spring, when they are wanted by everybody whose means are limited, and who have to look on while those with more money can buy fresh fruits, imported during the winter and spring months, at fantastic prices.

The report and accounts were adopted.

A History of Modern Wales. By DAVID WILLIAMS. *Murray.* 12s. 6d.

In this brief but scholarly outline of Welsh social history in the four centuries since the Acts of 1536 and 1542 unified the principality with England, Professor Williams provides admirable material for students of a puzzling present-day problem—the discrepancy between the strength of national consciousness in Wales and the ineffectiveness politically of the Welsh nationalist movement. In part, the explanation lies in nineteenth-century economic developments. Started by the demand for iron during the Seven Years' War, industrialisation began late and grew slowly in Wales; even in 1811 the population was predominantly rural and numbered only 673,000. But with the coming of the railways and the opening up of the coal measures, capitalist industry drew to South Wales a flood of immigrants whose struggle was not, like that of the Irish, to achieve national independence, but rather to defend themselves—often savagely—in class war. The miners of Ammanford and the Rhondda wanted to fight Welsh mineowners, not the English King. Yet the language of Owen Glyn Dwr survived—to a much greater extent than Erse. Why then is Welsh nationalism associated less with politics than with the cultural romanticism of the Gwyneddigion Society, which revived in 1789 the still flourishing Eisteddfods? Professor Williams recalls how, first the Reformation—an English import accepted by the Welsh with indifference—forged links between England and Wales more effective than the Acts of Union. Next, the "new" gentry who succeeded the old baronial families in the late sixteenth and early seventeenth centuries were usually anglicised, often absentee, landlords. And finally, when dissent—perhaps the most dynamic force in modern Welsh history—was "sparked" in the mid-eighteenth century by the rise of Methodism, it became a further factor of national disunity: the gentry remained anglican, and the non-conformity of the common people clashed confusingly with trade unionism and the industrial conflict. Except for a short and somewhat scrappy epilogue, the book ends at 1913. A companion volume, dealing with Wales in the phase of capitalist decline, is needed; but Professor Williams' account of the antecedent background is admirably balanced and incisive.

Receipts and Relishes. Being a Vade-Mecum for the Epicure in the British Isles. *Whitbread.* 5s.

Manchots and Mugildens, Plum Porridge and Potted Lamperns; Wafrans in Scotland and Tiverton Chudleigh's in Devon. The gourmet who, in despair, brings his wife a book of Continental recipes has given up too soon: Whitbread's have compiled for us in this book a fascinating array of recipes to be found in the United Kingdom—400-odd "Receipts and Relishes" arranged alphabetically under their native counties, so that you can trace bannocks to Lancashire as well as to Scotland, polonies to Bath as well as Bologna. The temptation to look up the exact composition of haggis should be resisted until the reader is in particularly good health, and above all until well after breakfast. There is no recipe for whisky, which might have been of more interest to Sassenachs; but Whip Syllabub, which is as Scottish as Haggis, has a Continental prodigality with cream and white wine. The names cannot be taken as a guide to the mood or flavour of the dishes: Love in Disguise is not a meal for the romantic ingénue, but rather for the robust countryman with a taste for calves' hearts, fat bacon and suet; while Lancashire Hot Pot is not, traditionally, the unsavoury mess of potatoes and yesterday's hash you find in cafeterias, but a delicious affair of mutton chops, kidneys and butter. The book has been most attractively designed, is well indexed, and has maps that vividly illustrate the text. Mr. Bernard Darwin's introduction is an aperitif in itself.

Mary Hughes. By ROSA HOBHOUSE. *Rockliff.* 6s.
May Tennant. By VIOLET MARKHAM. *Falcon.* 8s. 6d.

Both Mary Hughes and May Tennant were products of late-nineteenth century female emancipation, but they form an interesting contrast. Miss Hughes, the daughter of the author of *Tom Brown's Schooldays*, was a simple woman with a sense of Christian duty which might be taken as one of the late flowers of Dr. Arnold's educational theories; while May Tennant never lost her passion for gambling and gave up her life among the *cognoscenti* to conduct her brilliant campaign against the sweated employment of fallen women to wash their sins away in laundries attached to religious establishments. Her passion for reform was an intuitive, unintegrated but quite unpriggish desire to improve the lot of *somebody*, whereas Mary Hughes had a more rationalised, a less determined, mission. A letter which Miss Hobhouse quotes reveals her character very plainly:

> Lucy dear, The year in this mean St. has realised to me that we the possessing and protected classes, have, in drawing near to God, to learn what our lack of stewardship in the past has produced. 12,000,000 on the borderline of starvation, and countless numbers given to drink, for when you are empty and have to work, how do you feel! And we have allowed the *only* bright spots to be the drink shops.

Miss Markham's portrait of May Tennant is attractive and wittily written; the world of the socially-conscious young women of the 'nineties is familiar in fiction, and May Tennant, with her charm, her beauty and her high spirits, continually makes one wonder whether she were not a prototype for one of Shaw's heroines. She managed to get Asquith to appoint her as one of the first women factory inspectors, and fought hard and successfully for many labour reforms in the factories. To the end of her life she continued with her good works, and, like Mary Hughes, who was one of the spiritual founders of Christian Socialism, she lived to see much of her ideal achieved.

The Stock Exchange Official Year Book, 1950, Vol. 1. THOMAS SKINNER. Complete edition, £6.

The convenience of having this reference book published in two halves, instead of a single formidable volume, is now apparent to all users. The second volume, dealing with the Commercial and Industrial sections and with Land and Mines, is due in August. Meantime Volume I maintains the traditions of three-quarters of a century of continuous publication. Special statistical chapters are devoted mainly to Municipal and County, Dominion and Colonial, finance. The principal sections give full particulars of Government, Railway and Bank Securities and the other groups of undertakings not listed under the omnibus title, "Commercial and Industrial." The familiar General Information Section which gives a wealth of useful financial data contains an up-to-date article on Double Taxation Relief and the agreements with about forty foreign countries, Dominions and Colonies.

GRAMOPHONE NOTES

Symphony. HAYDN: No. 102, B flat major (RPO Beecham. DB21042-4). This splendid symphony has hitherto been available only in an impossibly bad Boston Symphony recording (now deleted). The present performance is not of the very best Beecham vintage; being somewhat heavy and German, except in the Finale. The wonderful theme of the Adagio was also used by Haydn in the Piano Trio in F sharp minor, but Sir Thomas does not appear to have much affection for it. The Minuet should, I feel, be taken a little faster—thus throwing the Trio into greater relief. The recording is unobjectionable but never really beautiful in tone. This set yields a good deal of pleasure, but one can easily imagine a better.

Concertos. BACH: Harpsichord Concerto, G minor (George Malcolm London Chamber Orch Bernard. C3963-4). This concerto is better known in the version for violin (in A minor), which was issued recently in an excellent recording by Tibor Varga (Col). The character of the Andante seems to me to call for the sustained tone of the violin, and in this movement I do not greatly care for Mr. Bernard's very heavy accents. In the other two movements the harpsichord version is perfectly satisfactory and it is extremely well played. The balance is good. BARTOK: Third Piano Concerto (Sandor Philadelphia Orch Ormandy. LX1271-3). One of Bartok's very last works, the Third Concerto is curiously indecisive in style, alternating between a bitter angularity and nostalgia for "the days that are no more." Though not on the whole a success, it is full of interesting music. The performance is efficient, the recording rather hard and shallow.

Miscellaneous Orchestral. BACH: Suite No. 3, D major (Stuttgart Chamber Orch/Münchinger. AX314-6). A very careful performance, full of beautifully calculated detail. The balance of parts is excellent and the tone of the trumpets thrilling. Only a slight, but distinct, over-resonance in the violin tone above E prevents this set from getting full marks. The fill-up, the Chorale Prelude, "Ich ruf' zu Dir," is most beautifully played and recorded. RAVEL: *Rapsodie Espagnole* (Concertgebouw/Van Beinum. AK2093-4). This piece, which dates from 1907 (one year after Debussy's *Ibéria*), combines the minimum of thematic material with the maximum of luxurious and exotic sound. The orchestral playing is magically beautiful and the recording of the highest Decca standard. SMETANA: *The Bartered Bride*—Overture (LSO Kisch. K2332.) A well-controlled performance: Royalton Kisch has not accepted the temptation to rush this piece off its feet. Unfortunately, the recorded tone is not very agreeable at any level and the upper strings have an edge. VERDI: *Joan of Arc*—Overture (Philharmonia Orch/Markevitch. C.3965). We ought to be grateful to Igor Markevitch for unearthing this overture. The opera—Verdi's sixth—is too deeply rooted in the conventions of its date to stand revival; but the overture has very little of the empty fussation usual in such movements, and the tunes, limpidly scored, remain in the memory for days. The performance is wonderfully accurate and well balanced, and the dynamics are most happily graded. A treasurable record. WAGNER: *Die Meistersinger*—Overture and Dance of the Apprentices (Vienna Phil Furtwängler. DB6942-3). On the whole a most acceptable rendering—the best available. The balance is good and the recording spacious: one hears as much as possible of this very full score. The Dance is wholly delightful: Furtwängler's very deliberate tempo is clearly right. JOSEF STRAUSS: *Transaktionen*—Waltz (Vienna Phil Karajan. LX1257). Not even in the second rank of Strauss Waltzes—in fact, downright dull. The recording is badly out of focus and my copy at least is a swinger.

Chamber Music; Piano Solo; Organ.—RAVEL: String Quartet, F major (Paganini Qt. DB9452-5. Auto only. Special Order). A really good new set of this quartet was needed, if only to make some of us ashamed of thinking we were tired of the music. The Paganini Quartet plays with fine tone and magnificent attack. I feel some lack of tenderness in the first and third movements, and the strenuous passages are throughout rather roughly handled; but it is a performance that commands respect and the recording is brilliant. SCHUBERT: *Quartettsatz*, C minor, Op. posth. (New Italian Qt. K2329). It seems a long time since we had a record of this charming piece. The players take the music at rather too lazy a speed and the recording is not of the very best, but these faults are not serious enough to spoil the record for anyone who is fond of the piece. MOZART: Piano Sonata, D major, K576 (Gulda. AK2168-9). Fairly slight, musically, but so beautifully played and recorded that all amateurs of pianistic style are vehemently urged not to miss it. Friedrich Gulda is the most impressive of the youngest generation of pianists and it is to be hoped that he may record some Beethoven, of whom he seems to have a rare comprehension. CHOPIN: *Fantaisie-Impromptu*, C Sharp minor, Op. 66; Waltz, E flat major, Op. 18 (Halina Stefanska. C3968). This lovely record fully confirms the high opinion I had formed of Halina Stefanska, on the score of the little disc published recently. Her graceful and intimate style, with its light pedalling and

Company Meeting

THE CUNARD STEAM-SHIP COMPANY LIMITED

STATEMENT OF THE CHAIRMAN

EXCESSIVE TAXATION AND REPLACEMENT COSTS

MR. F. A. BATES, Chairman of the Company, in a statement issued to stockholders for submission at the 73rd Annual Meeting to be held on May 24th, says:—

"There is a tide in the affairs of men," and whether the tide be national or within our Company touching each one of us, its staffs and stockholders, there are no ventures of an island people in which ebb and flow run stronger than in the ventures of our ships.

Ours is a Company sprung from the tough training of 100 years of ceaseless venture and endeavour and if at present "The sea is full on which we float and the current serving us" we must thank the men of yesterday who set the compass of our fortunes.

A SIGNAL OF THANKS

Equally there is a Cunard signal of our thanks made to each and every man of to-day on sea and shore of all the Companies which form the Cunard Group for a year of unremitting effort to maintain the standards of our service to our shippers and passengers. I would add our thanks for the help and courtesy we have received from agents and officials in the ports and cities to which our organisation offers service.

Turning to the consolidated accounts, gross operating profit comes out at £8,862,228 which is £670,000 less than that of last year. Of this the large sum of £2,445,203 is taken up by depreciation. This sum is calculated on shipyard costs when ships were built, but large as it is, annual sums such as this are not sufficient in the aggregate to provide for replacements at to-day's prices. To reduce replacement deficiency we must, when we can, set aside additional amounts out of profits. Moneys utilised for replacement ultimately go to shipbuilders and their sub-contractors, thence finding their way to the men employed in the industry. The additional amount set aside this year out of funds of the Parent Company is £1,000,000, while £1,406,215 is retained by the Associated Companies. Unfortunately, additional funds set aside for rebuilding are not allowed by the Inland Revenue when our profits are assessed for taxation. The Inland Revenue do permit an immediate initial capital "allowance" on the first cost of a new ship, but it is no more, in effect, than an acceleration of total depreciation to be allowed on a particular ship and results in no depreciation being permitted in its later years. The immediate effect of an initial allowance is to reduce the tax assessment but has the effect of increasing our tax liabilities in later years. This year's taxation charge although high, at £2,881,594, is less than the tax relative to the profits of the year, owing to the incidence of initial allowances on the cost of new ships.

Dividends totalling £503,000 represent a small charge on our consolidated accounts, but at tax computation which results in paying out £2,880,000 and neglects to provide for replacement of ships is a form of improvidence which the industry must obviously endeavour to avoid. To exact so much for Government spending with so little regard for tonnage replacements is akin to bad housekeeping, while the stockholders' £503,000, by comparison, looks small in view of the country's need to encourage shipping ventures so that the housekeeper may live.

In the consolidated balance sheet fixed assets are up £1,250,000 to £31,793,848 and the balance carried forward is increased by £241,142 to £1,200,487. There is a provision of £350,000 for augmentation of Pension Funds.

In the Cunard Accounts, by bringing the Atlantic business directly into the books of the Cunard Steam-Ship Company, instead of using as intermediary our wholly-owned subsidiary Cunard White Star, the figures are not comparable with the 1948 figures. The two companies having arrived at the point of complete community of interest with identical direction and management, the Directors sought the best way of achieving simplification with efficiency and without disturbance to the public or our services.

EFFECT OF DEVALUATION

The effect of sterling devaluation substantially increased the sterling costs of our disbursements in hard currency areas, and brought into unbalance the sterling and dollar Atlantic passenger rates, a state of affairs which the Atlantic Conference Lines had to take immediate steps to remedy. This unfortunately caused serious increases in the fares expressed in sterling and other soft currencies, as otherwise the volume of dollars and hard currencies previously secured for the Treasury would not have been maintained. Currency changes are unsettling and we would much prefer to have retained a definite measure of stabilization in our charges.

We had since January, 1949, the use of the new CARONIA, also the benefit of the reconditioned FRANCONIA in the Liverpool Canadian Trade.

Two new Directors have joined the Board during the year. They are Mr. Frank Dawson, C.B.E., M.C., and Mr. Frank Charlton.

In the Australian and New Zealand trades it continues to be the aim of the Port Line to consider the needs of their shippers and consignees and provide a service with modern fast ships second to none. It has been a year of difficulty for Thos. and Jno. Brocklebank in the India and Pakistan trade, with many checks to trade and delays to ships resulting from the strain existent between those countries.

ACUTE PROBLEM OF SHIP DEPRECIATION

While we have ships we have prospects. But what tonnage we shall continue to have depends on annual reserves for replacements. This problem is the same for all ships, but the consequences of neglecting to provide each year out of current profits for replacement of tons worn out are particularly disrupting in the case of our passenger ships.

I cannot think of any major industry essential in the same degree as shipping to an island's livelihood and defence which has the replacement problem affecting its fixed assets in so acute and quickly recurring a form. The consolidated items under the heading of taxation for the last three years add up to £10,025,449. Is it out of place to wonder if C. S. Calverley had prophetic vision of the fate of the cow and gilt-egged goose when he wrote:—

The piper he piped on the hill-top high,
(Butter and eggs and a pound of cheese)
Till the cow said "I die,"
and the goose ask'd "Why?"
And the dog said nothing, but search'd for fleas.

It would suffice our purpose and give confidence for new building contracts, which take years to complete, if we could now charge in our accounts before taxation a reserve on a basis necessary for replacement with the proviso that this reserve would be liable to taxation unless spent in due course on ship construction.

COMPETITION FROM THE AIR

A second point of danger to our long-term building plans is what may be called the diseconomy of competition over the North Atlantic from the air. On level economic terms, the air should be complementary to shipping, instead of seeking by subsidies or other artificial aids and forced performance to take shipping's place. It is a competitor which, with unchecked purse, may be found feeding on the taxes the rest of us pay, but we have to reckon on the possibility of its diseconomy remaining as a future menace to our interests.

Dividends paid by a shipping company are the rewards of adventure, of courage in progress and of meeting risks. If to some the rewards of enterprise seem now unduly restricted, I would like to suggest that to start the next chapter with a solid balance sheet is a reward in itself. Such anti-inflation restraints as may be imposed are the evidence of national necessity and cannot be lightly disregarded. If this affects our dividends, it is a disability which the Cunard Company accepts with the same grace that impels us all to serve our country.

The possession of an account at the Westminster Bank is an asset to all young people who are just starting their careers. They will be welcome visitors at any branch of the Bank, when the simple procedure of opening an account will gladly be explained

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"SHAKESPEARE in schools"

The Governors of the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre will provide a Course on Shakespeare for Teachers of English, at Stratford-upon-Avon, from Monday, August 21st to Wednesday, August 30th, 1950. The Course will be directed by Mr. John Garrett, Headmaster of Bristol Grammar School. Particulars can be obtained from the Secretary, Mason Croft, Church Street, Stratford-upon-Avon. Please enclose a 2½d. stamp.

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discreet dynamics, makes no attempt to astonish and is ideally suited to the gramophone. In my view these are easily the best available versions of both pieces. FRANCK: Prelude, Chorale and Fugue (Malcuzynski. LX1269-71). A finely conceived and soberly executed rendering of a noble, but in places turgidly written, work. I see no excuse for the octave doublings at the opening of the cadenza (at the climax of the Fugue); otherwise Malcuzynski shows that this is the kind of music he understands best. The recording is well managed. SCHUBERT: *Wanderer Fantasy* (Paul Baumgartner. C4879-81. Special Order). I wish to draw attention to this set, which may easily escape the notice of all save specialists. The performance is extraordinarily competent and solid—to my ear far more so than Edwin Fischer's rather precarious version; and the recording is of a high standard. BACH: Organ Fantasia and Fugue, G minor (E. Power Biggs. DX1648-9). This brutal record is an insult to the ear. Doubtless E. Power Biggs is as efficient an organist as he is said to be; but if he had thought seriously about the limitations of the gramophone before making this record, might he not have tempered his registration somewhat—as Germani, for instance, does in his recordings? The work is one of the most tremendous feats of baroque eloquence ever achieved in any medium, but I do not see how anyone can enjoy twelve minutes of almost continuous fortissimo squealing. On side 4 is the "Giant" Fugue in D minor—no less hard on the ear.

Vocal. VERDI: *Rigoletto*—"Pari siamo" and "Cortigiani, vil razza dannata" (Valdengo. X304). A very well made record, more expressively sung than the same singer's recent Prologue from *Pagliacci*. I prefer Marko Rothmüller's version of "Pari siamo" (H.M.V.); but this is an attractive coupling and is certain to please many people. BELLINI: *La Sonnambula*—"Vi ravviso"; GOUNOD: *Faust*—"Mephisto's Serenade (Raphael Arié. K2328). The Bulgarian bass sings these arias in an oafish style which does not suit them. Recording good. BOITO: *Mefistofele*—"Ave Signor" and "Son lo spirito" (Boris Christoff. DB21047). An admirably judged piece of singing, in the Chaliapin tradition. The orchestral accompaniment is strikingly well played and the balance good. DONIZETTI: *Lucia di Lammermoor*—Mad Scene; BENEDICT: *Carnevale di Venezia* (Marimi de' Pozo. C3967). I hope we shall hear more of this young coloratura soprano, who evidently possesses the most brilliant gifts, though her style shows signs of immaturity. The high notes in one of the variations of that charming "period" piece, the *Carnival of Venice*, are extremely ugly, but her *fioriture* are beautifully controlled and her middle register calm and smooth. BELLINI: *La Sonnambula*—"Ah! non giunge" and "Ah! non credea" (Lily Pons. LX1259). Mme Pons's style in these famous arias must be heard to be believed. The recording reminds me of trying to see through somebody else's spectacles. ALFANO: *Don Juan de Manara*—"Tu vedi in un bel ciel"; MASCAGNI: *L'amico Fritz*—"O amore" (Gigli. DA1937). Well worth buying for the little tune (that is exactly what it is) by Alfano, which is very taking and has a charming accompaniment. The aria from *L'amico Fritz* gives Gigli an opportunity for one of his field days. Recording coarse—but not so bad in the Alfano. PUCCINI: *Suor Angelica*—"Senza mamma"; MASCAGNI: *Iris*—"Un di" (Adriana Guerrini. DX1651). In these seldom heard but not unattractive arias Mme Guerrini gives an uninhibited display of the all-in style of modern Italian singing. Recording fair. PONCHIELLI: *La Gioconda*—"L'amo come il fulgor"; CILEA: *Adriana Lecouvreur*—"Io son sua" (Cigna Elmo. R30013). Though they are perhaps a bit overpowering, I find it impossible not to enjoy what my colleague, Desmond Shawe-Taylor, has described as "these two loud ladies." The effect is genuinely dramatic, though musically inconsiderable. The recording does its best. ROSSINI: *Semiramide*—"Bel raggio"; GIORDANO: *Il re*—"O Colombello" (Pagliughi. R30015). This is much the best modern version of "Bel raggio." "O Colombello," in which the singer seems to be bidding a tragic farewell, is a genuinely moving aria. The recording is agreeable. DONAUDY: "O del mio amato ben"; RESPIGHI: *Notte* (Gabriella Gatti Gerald Moore. DB21045). I prefer Claudia Muzio's version of "O del mio"; but do not miss this record: the Respighi song is hauntingly beautiful and Mme Gatti sings it to admiration. Of the many vocal offerings listed here this one remains in my mind as by far the most completely satisfying. MOZART: "Ridente la calma" (K152) and "An Chloe" (K524) (Margaret Ritchie Gerald Moore. C3966). A good example of Miss Ritchie's endearing art. In "Ridente la calma" the high notes are not as comfortable as we might have expected; but her phrasing is admirably steady and expressive. This is a valuable coupling and can be confidently recommended, as the recording balance also is excellent. TRADITIONAL SONGS: *The Spinning Wheel* and *Three Lovely Lassies* (Delia Murphy acc. guitar and accordeon. H.M.V. BD1256). This little record is something quite out of the ordinary. I know nothing of the singer and cannot tell you in what sense the songs are "folk"; but the combined effect is captivating. With her rich, natural, Irish voice and her brilliant diction Delia Murphy manages somehow to bring a whole scene to life—the blind grandmother, the girl spinning, the lover tapping at the window. On the reverse is a jolly, unsentimental picture of peasant life. It is not easy to forget these songs or the attractive personality of the singer. WORDSWORTH: Ode: *Intimations of Immortality*; and *Tintern Abbey* (Stephen Murray. Col. DB 2672-4). In no way inferior to Stephen Murray's already published records of Wordsworth poems. The Ode is a particularly difficult feat and the speaker is to be congratulated on the skill with which he has kept the elaborate metre steady, without sacrificing the movement of the thought.

EDWARD SACKVILLE WEST

Week-end Competitions

No. 1,055

Set by Richard Lister.

This is the season when school children are sat down to write their first essay of the term, which is generally entitled "The Happiest Day of My Holidays." Competitors are invited to write the first 150 words of such an essay, imagining that they are one of the following, aged 13: Edmund Gosse, James Joyce, H. G. Wells, D. H. Lawrence, Bernard Shaw, Samuel Butler. Entries by May 16th.

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RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 1,052

Set by Arachne McLeod

The usual prizes are offered for a four-line epigram in rhyming verse on NOT wanting a television set.

Report by Arachne McLeod

It was a ripe, well-nourished, many-barbed hate that I tapped with this competition. TV was roundly damned on grounds moral, financial, physical—but I trust it is an imaginary blindness that afflicted so many entrants—aesthetic, social, personal, technical. The escapist and the snob, the anti-snob and the puritan, the poor and the ungregarious, the sensitive and the mystic, all had a bad word for it. Most of the points of distaste are represented below, with H. V. I. Burton's epigram standing first as a type of pure hate: prizes of a guinea each to the first six.

As a vitamin-sandwich, "processed," gritty.
From a State Milk-bar in a Garden City
Is to a pre-war dinner at the Savoy,
So is True Sight to this revolting toy.

H. V. I. BURTON

When you *do* get Beethoven on the Third, you
Get Morse, and paper voices whispering Urdu
As well; and could I see Miss Fonteyn's grace
Blurred by the flicker from a greyhound race?

J. P. STEVENSON

Ten thousand Civil Servants have the right
My home to enter any day or night.
But I refuse (*chez moi*) to view the features
Of countless, hardly photogenic creatures.

LEON M. SHIRLAW

How thrilled we were to have TV!
So were our friends, and there's the rub:
Now, for the sake of privacy,
We spend our evenings at the pub.

DAVID HAWKE

I like the fun of flying and the speed of sporting-cars,
And sambas in rich ballrooms and cocktails in gilt bars;
And when suburban Joneses show their television set
I rather like to tell them why I can't afford one yet.

C. M. GROSETT

What is this life
If knowing and caring
We spend our time
Sitting and staring?

HUGH JENKINS

Hamlet a puppet show; a minikin world,
Disjointed, jerky, fragmentary, canned.
I'll spend my money on a microscope
And see a whole world in a grain of sand.

ENID HUDSON

Not though that aitch, if on my rooftop seen,
Would pique my neighbour Jones and pain his wife,
Will I surrender to a foot-square screen
The evaporating privacy of life.

EDWARD BLISHEN

Television limits me
To television scenery.
Wireless lets me fly abroad
To scenes designed by

JULIAN ORDE

Vision is sweet, but sound alone is sweeter,
Fancy feeds best on the attentive ear;
Looks may deceive; to listen is discreeter;
So let me greet the Unseen with a cheer.

STANLEY J. SHARPLESS

On pensive couch, in vacant mood,
This thought my heart with horror fills—
To *see* a Minister of Food!
Or hosts of glancing Summerskills!

D. W. BARKER

"What, planned escape? Give here that ear
—News, Views, Proms, Bombs" . . . "So be it.
But spare my eye! I fear to hear
Time's march. I'd die to see it."

CECIL SPRIGGE

Iconoclastic age that ever mocks,
Why kneel in reverence before a box?
To such vain rites, I conjure you, write Finis.
For me, I haven't got the sixty guineas.

JAMES Y. FINLAYSON

I'll listen to performers do a Play,
Talk, Concert, Oratorio, Te Deum:
But, judging from the *Radio Times*, I say,
With all respect, I'm not mad keen to see 'um.

H. A. C. EVANS

However great the thrill to be
Eye-witness of how Gordon finished,
I will not pay your price to see
The human race so much diminished.

L. E. J.

The neighbours' trends I follow fast
To save my spouse a fret;
Now I've put up the tell-tale mast
We needn't have a SET!

D. R. J. J.

CHESS: Dawdling Over the Kill

No. 35

To obtain a winning game is one thing, but it's quite another to win it. Who of us would not invite our friends' commiseration in memory of the many games we ought to have won, though—alas—we didn't. We have, of course, one consolation. We can generally say—and sometimes even with a modicum of truth—that if we did "throw away" this or that certain win, we were carried away by our artistic temperament. We were searching for a touch of exhilarating beauty rather than sober efficacy. The answer, of course, is: "Don't". A dull mate in 3 is better than a brilliant one in 4, a prosaically clean-cut win is infinitely better than the most scintillating combination, *if it* contains the slightest element of doubt. That is sheer wisdom preached by those who know. Remember it well, dear reader, and then go ahead and ignore it! I always do.

Here—Sämisch-Heemsoth, Oldenburg, 1949—is a case in point: Sämisch, of course, is an inveterate thrower-away of wins, and he certainly can claim the artistic temperament.

(1) P-Q4	Kt-KB3	(11) B x Kt	R x P
(2) P-QB4	P-KKt3	(12) B-R6	R-KKt1
(3) Kt-QB3	P-Q4	(13) O-O-O	Q-R4
(4) Kt-KB3	B-Kt2	(14) Kt-K5	B-K3
(5) Q-Kt3	P x P	(15) P-Q5!	P x P
(6) Q x BP	QKt-Q2	(16) B-Kt5 ch	K-Q1
(7) P-K4	P-QB3	(17) Kt-B4	K-B2
(8) P-K5!	Kt-Kt3	(18) Kt x P	B x Kt
(9) P x Kt!	Kt x Q	(19) R x B ch	K-B1
(10) P x B	R-KKt1	(20) B-K3	P-QR3

Black's last move is a counsel of despair. White could win easily by R-B5 followed by Kt-Kt6, etc. But now Sämisch starts finessing and chasing chimeras rather than go in for the kill while the going is good.

(21) B-Kt6	Q-B5 ch	(25) R-QB1	Q-B3
(22) B-K3	Q-B2	(26) R-Q7?	Q-K5 ch
(23) K-Kt1?	P x B	(27) K-R1	R-R3
(24) Kt-Kt6ch	K-Kt1		

Here White resigned. Had he simply taken the Q and *then* played R-Q7 it would have been up to Black to resign.

Here — Braake - Hart, Amsterdam, 1940—is another example: White could have won easily by B-B3, followed by K-Kt7. But he considered it more "elegant" to play P-B6, the idea being to play P-B7 ch, if Black pushed his P. Unfortunately, the little "finesse" had a flaw. Black simply played Kt-B2! thereby stopping the enemy P, securing promotion of his own and winning what should have been a hopelessly lost game.

A: Steinitz, 1880

B: H. Eichstädt, 1867

In this week's competition A is a classic and very easy indeed. White to win. B—White to mate in 5—is not nearly so easy. I will give this hint that White's first two moves, superficially, seem to be completely wasted. But they certainly aren't, as competitors will find out when looking deeper into this uncommonly subtle position.

Usual prizes. Entries by May 15.

In the "100 up" competition under our new points system A will rate 3 points only: but there'll be 7 points for a perfectly correct solution of B.

REPORT ON COMPETITION

(Set April 15)

A: (1) K-Kt7, R-Kt7ch. (2) K-R7, R-B7. (3) R-R5ch, K-R3 ! (4) K-Kt6, R-Kt7ch. (5) K-R6, R-B7. (6) R-R4ch, K-R6. (7) K-K6, R-Kt7ch. (8) K-R5, R-B7. (9) R-R3ch, K-R7. (10) RxP ! etc.

B: (1) P-R7, P-Kt5. (2) P-R8 (Kt), P-Kt6. (3) Kt-K6, PxKt(4) P-B7, P-Kt4. (5) P-B8 (Kt), P-Kt5. (6) Kt-Q6, PxKt. (7) P-K7, P-Q4. (8) P-K8(Kt), P-Q5. (9) Kt-B6, PxKt. (10) P-Kt7, P-B4. (11) P-Kt8 (Q), P-B3. (12) QxKtP, P-B6. (13) QxQP, P-Kt6. (14) QxKtP, P-Q6. (15) QxRPch, KxQ. (16) P-Kt4, etc.

Again—though I would hesitate to offer very much tougher nuts to crack—I seem to have underrated the prowess of our competitors. With barely a dozen failures (most of them misled by P-B4 in the Karhia study), there were scores of perfectly correct solutions; much shrewd comment too, and a good many suggestions, some of which I hope to use. Prizes shared by F. v. Bergmann, Claude Franks, A. D. Maude, H. J. Rose, B. Spain, G. Watson.

ASSIAC

PERSONAL

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WOMAN, 39, working in Birmingham during the week would like to hear of another similarly placed, view to escape from Birmingham by evening country walks, visits to Stratford, etc., during summer. Box 6007.

HOME in pleasant house Kensington offered girl student return for some domestic help and French coaching for girl aged 11, evenings. Box 5977.

GERMAN girl, 21, good family, excellent refs., seeks post domestic help or companion. June to December. Box 5979.

BACHELOR, 34, seeks companion (m.) for motor tour to Italy via Mediterranean coast about six weeks starting London about end July. Expenses shared. Box 6042.

FRENCH Riviera: Journalist welcomes guests in villa on Mediterranean shore. Terms 1,000 francs per day inc. service. Vacancies for Whitsun. Write Box 5465.

BACHELOR, 38, seeks m. companion(s)/suggestions Continental walking holiday. Wide interests. Box 6009.

AUSTRIAN Salzkammergut (Festivals): Private party Aug. 14-25, £27 incl. fare. E. Beer, Norwood Technical College, S.E.27.

RUSSIAN lessons given to beginners and advanced students by experienced lady teacher. Literature and History if required. Write Box Z.613, Willings, 362 Grays Inn Rd. London, W.C.1.

JOHN Vickers regrets that although appointments may be reserved for Private Portraits, he is temporarily unable to complete the finished photographs in less than 4 weeks owing to the pressure of existing engagements. 29B Belgrave Rd. S.W.1. VIC. 4915.

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WELL-known Broadcasting Pianist has vacancies for 3 keen pupils. Box 5770.

PERSONAL—continued

LAW lecturer offers private coaching for all law exams. Reasonable terms. Special rates for 2 or more pupils. Box 5997.

BOOK reviewing, indexing, abstracting and similar work required. Courteous and efficient service. Please write Box 5708.

PHILIP HUMPHREYS, Psychologist, 69 Prince's Gate, South Kensington, S.W.7. Kensington 8043.

INSTANTANEOUS French from a few minutes' daily play with improved Vocabulet cards. 6s. 6d. a set from Florestan Company, 36 Downside Rd., Sutton, Surrey.

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HALL for hire, Leicester Sq. WHI. 3678. Assoc. meetings, socials and dances.

SPEAKERS: Secretaries! "Advance Date Book." A pocket diary for July 1, 1950, to June 30, 1952. Leather bound. 6s. incl. purch. tax and postage. The Lecture Agency, 125 Charing Cross Rd. W.C.2.

ABSOLUTELY all-in fully conducted holidays in Austria, Balearics, France, Switzerland, from 53gns. Apply Eastbourn, 50 Northey Ave., Cheam, Surrey. (VIG. 0405.)

S. F. Grill & Cafe (6 Denman St., Piccadilly Circus), now celebrating 25th Anniversary Year, looks forward to much "happy returning" by customers.

THE National Union of Students Travel Department, has pleasure in announcing its biggest programme of summer tours since the war. Tours to Europe's great Festival centres (Salzburg, Lucerne, Edinburgh, Oberammergau) riding, sailing, walking, climbing and lazing, from Helsinki to Lisbon, from Paris to Vienna. Also study tours of the U.S.A. Tour fees from £12 upwards. Many tours include air travel without increase over 3rd-class rail fares. Further details from N.U.S. Travel Department, 3 Endsleigh St., W.C.1.

STOKE House Crafts Centre, Nr. Bletchley (Tel. 127). Facilities for Pottery and various other crafts available at all times. Bureau of Current Affairs Discussion Course, June 19-23. Early booking advised.

SUMMER and Whitsun holidays for people who appreciate the good things in life—attractive places, pleasant surroundings and interesting company! My Whitsun arrangements include holidays in a Norfolk windmill, Sussex country house, Channel Island hotel, also parties to Austria, Paris and Brussels. Ask for details of Whitsun and Summer programme: Erna Low, 9 Reece Mews, London, S.W.7. KEN. 0911.

PERSONAL—continued

WEEK-END and Summer house parties, congenial company, in England, France, Italy, Spain, Switzerland, Scandinavia, also Corsica and Majorca. Cruises in luxury yacht off English and French coasts and to Paris. Also individual rail and hotel reservations. Write/'phone for details. Josephine Hall, 324/5 High Holborn, W.C.1. HOL. 5831.

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SCHOOLS

BURGESS Hill School, 11 Oak Hill Park, Hampstead, N.W.3. Mans 3019. A progressive day school for boys and girls age 3-13. For particulars apply to the Principal.

DANE Court, Pyrford, Woking and Dane Court, Whatcombe, Blandford. Prep. schools for boys. Same direction, same ideas, sensible discipline, good food, no org. prep.

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WYCHWOOD Girls' School, Oxford, 20 to University age; small classes; exceptional cultural and musical opportunities, self-governing community. Principals, Miss M. L. Lee, M.A., Miss E. M. Snodgrass, M.A.

RELIABLE advice given (gratis) by Truman and Knightley, Ltd., concerning schools for boys and girls. Clarendon House, 11 & 12, Clifford St. W.1. Regent 2803. Founded 1901.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS, 3s. 6d. per line (average 6 words). Box No. 1s. extra. Prepayment essential. Press Tues. Insertion delayed some weeks. State latest date acceptable. 10 Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1. Hol. 8471.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

THE University of Sydney. Challis Chair of English Literature. The Senate will shortly proceed to the appointment to the Challis Chair of English Literature rendered vacant by the death of Professor A. J. A. Waldock. Salary will be at the rate of £1,500 (Australian) per annum. There is a normal retirement provision on the lines of the Federated Superannuation System for Universities and, in addition, a pension of £400 (Australian) per annum upon retirement after the age of 60 years. The Senate reserves the right to fill the Chair by invitation. There is in the Department of English a Chair of Early English Literature and Language at present held by Professor A. G. Mitchell. A statement of conditions of appointment and information for candidates may be obtained on application to the Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 5 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. Applications close with the undersigned on June 26, 1950. W. H. Maze, Registrar, University of Sydney, New South Wales, Australia.

UNIVERSITY of Birmingham. (Faculty of Commerce & Social Science.) Lectureships in Government. The University of Birmingham proposes shortly to appoint Lecturers and Assistant Lecturers in Government. The duties of the posts will include (a) the teaching of government (a qualification in economics and economic history is desirable since the successful candidates will be expected to help with the general scheme of tutorial supervision now instituted in the Faculty); and (b) the promotion of original work in the general field of government. Some experience in the direction of research by others and in the editing of manuscripts will be an advantage. The appointments will be in Grade II (£550-£1,100) or Grade III (£400-£500) according to the qualifications and experience of the candidates. The successful candidates will be required to enter upon their duties on October 1, 1950. Four copies of applications, together with testimonials and the names of three referees, should be sent by May 19 to the undersigned, from whom further particulars may be obtained. C. G. Burton, Sec., The University, Birmingham, 3.

UNIVERSITY College of North Staffordshire. Applications are invited for the post of Lecturer in French. The salary will be within the scale £550 to £1,100, according to qualifications and experience. A rent, rates and tax free house will be provided on the College Estate. Application forms and further details can be obtained from the Registrar, University College of North Staffordshire, Keele Hall, Stoke-on-Trent. The last date for the receipt of applications is May 15, 1950.

THE Civil Service Commissioners invite applications for two permanent appointments as Senior Scientific Officer at the Atomic Energy Research Establishment, Harwell, Didcot, Berkshire, for work on X-Ray crystallography. Candidates must have had considerable experience in this field and must possess a 1st or 2nd Class Honours Degree in Physics or Chemistry or equivalent with at least three years' postgraduate experience or possess high professional attainments. Salary scale £670-£860 (men); £545-£760 (women). Posts carry benefits under the Federated Superannuation System for Universities. Candidates must have been born on or before Aug. 1, 1919. The posts (and similarly graded scientific posts in other Government Departments) are also open to candidates born between Aug 2, 1919, and Aug 1, 1924 (inclusive) through the Open Competition under Normal Regulations already announced (No. 2887). Further particulars and application forms from the Secretary, Civil Service Commission, Scientific Branch, 7th Floor, Trinidad House, Old Burlington St., London, W.1, quoting No. 3066. Completed application forms must be returned by May 18, 1950.

UNIVERSITY College of North Staffordshire. Applications are invited for the post of Assistant Librarian in charge of classification and cataloguing. A University degree, library experience, and a working knowledge of at least two foreign languages are essential. Salary scale £500 - £25—£700. The last date for the receipt of applications will be May 19, 1950. Further details and information, together with application forms, can be obtained from the Registrar, University College of North Staffordshire, Keele, Stoke-on-Trent.

UNIVERSITY College of Swansea. Applications are invited for a probationary Assistant Lectureship in Philosophy (initial salary £450 per annum, rising to £500 after one year). Further particulars may be obtained from the Registrar, University College, Singleton Park, Swansea, by whom applications must be received on or before Monday, May 22, 1950.

THE University of Liverpool. Applications are invited for the post of Assistant Lecturer in the Department of English Literature, at an initial salary of £450 per annum, with allowance for age, experience and qualifications. Applications, stating age, academic qualifications and experience, together with the names of three referees, should be received by May 20, by the undersigned, from whom further particulars of conditions of appointment may be obtained. Stanley Dumbell, Registrar.

LAY Assistant Editor required at once for new popular health magazine to be published by British Medical Association. Six months' probation, starting salary £800-£1,000 according to experience. Superannuation scheme on substantive appointment. Journalistic experience preferably in field of popular health articles and features. Particulars and references to Editor, British Medical Journal, B.M.A. House, Tavistock Square, W.C.1.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

ROYAL Air Force—Education Branch, Short Service Commissions. Duration 3, 4 or 5 years. Applications invited from candidates who are university graduates or otherwise entitled to recognition as qualified teachers. Minimum age 21 years. Physics, Mathematics, Electrical, Electronic, Radio, Aeronautical and Mechanical Engineering are main subjects required but appointments are also offered to men qualified in History and other Arts subjects, Teaching Method, etc. Pay on appointment depends on qualifications, experience and war service. Thus, a man aged 25 may draw pay up to £420 and, if married, marriage allowance of £137 a year. Single officers receive free furnished accommodation. All officers draw rations in kind or a tax-free allowance of £60 a year. A gratuity is payable on completion of service. Opportunities will arise for officers with university degrees to be appointed to permanent commissions. Permanent commissions.—A few Permanent Commissions are offered to men aged 23-33 (upper limit may be raised for war service). Candidates should ordinarily be first or second class honours graduates in Electrical, Electronic, Radio, Aeronautical or Mechanical Engineering, Physics or Mathematics. Pay and allowances as for short service commissions. There is time promotion to Squadron Leader, in which rank pay and allowances can rise to £1,104 a year (plus rations or ration allowance). Promotion beyond Squadron Leader is by selection. Retired pay varies with rank (e.g. £475 a year for Squadron Leader, £625 for Wing Commander, £825 for Group Captain, etc.). Women's Royal Air Force.—Vacancies exist for Education Officers on Short Service Commissions. Conditions and qualifications as for men except that pay rates are about three-quarters of those for men. Free furnished accommodation and rations are provided. A gratuity is payable on completion of service. Opportunities will arise for officers with university degrees to be appointed to permanent commissions. Full details and application forms for all the above appointments from Air Ministry, A.R.1, Kingway, London, W.C.2.

ROYAL Navy. Short Service Commissions in the Instructor Branch. Applications are invited from Universal Graduates and qualified teachers under 36 years of age for Short Service Commissions of 3, 4 or 5 years in the Instructor Branch, Royal Navy. Requirements are mainly for Officers with qualifications in Mathematics, Science (Physics, Chemistry, Metallurgy) or Engineering, but a few vacancies exist for Officers with degrees in English, History, Geography or Economics with a sound Mathematics or Science background. Opportunities will be afforded for Officers, after two years' service, to be selected for permanent commissions. A short service engagement in the Instructor Branch will discharge any candidate's obligation under the National Service Acts. 2. Entry will be in two grades. Selected candidates with 1st or 2nd Class Honours Degrees receive approximately £328 in their first year's service, £347 in second year, £438 in third and fourth year, £474 in fifth year. Other candidates receive £237 in first year, £110 in second and third years, £347 in fourth and fifth years. Previous officer service in the recent war will be recognised for adjustment of seniority and rate of pay on entry. Accommodation and rations are provided or allowances in lieu. Married Officers if aged 25 or over normally receive marriage allowance of £338 per annum if not accommodated in official married quarters, £283 per annum if they are so accommodated and £146 per annum in either case if under 25. An initial outfit allowance of £103 is paid, together with a free issue of certain articles of clothing. A removal allowance is payable to candidates with previous naval service as officers. Tax free gratuities of £300, £400 or £500 are payable at the end of 3, 4 or 5 years respectively. 3. Short Service in the Instructor Branch will, if desired, be treated as contributory service under the Teachers' (Superannuation) Acts, superannuation contributions being deducted from the above gratuities. 4. Instructor Officers serve both ashore and afloat and their duties include both technical instruction and general education. Officers with suitable qualifications may be trained and appointed for full or part-time meteorological and weather forecasting duties. 5. Apply Director (P), Educ. Dept., Admiralty, London, S.W.1, for fuller details & appl. forms.

ROYAL School of Needlework. Applications are invited for the post of Principal (salary according to previous experience). The post will carry full responsibility for the development of all branches of the School's activities, including the Training School, workrooms and finance. An appreciation of art in relation to embroidery is essential. Applications, giving full particulars and experience, together with a copy (not original) of one recent testimonial and the names of two referees, should be sent not later than May 31, 1950, to the Secretary, Royal School of Needlework, 25 Princes Gate, S.W.7, who will furnish further particulars on application.

APPLICATIONS will be considered from men between 21 and 30, to train for full-time appointments with the Y.M.C.A. First essentials: a sense of Christian vocation, good education, leadership and organising ability. Write, giving particulars of experience and qualifications, to S/14, Personnel Secretary, National Council for Y.M.C.A.s, 112 Great Russell St., London, W.C.1.

YOUNG man (22-30) wanted as Personal Assistant to Chairman of large textile group. Pref. ex-serviceman, must have high degree of intelligence, initiative, adaptability and pleasant disposition, Univ. education and knowledge of languages essential. Box 6263.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

SUB-EDITOR required at once for new popular health magazine to be published by British Medical Association. Six months' probation; starting salary £650. Superannuation scheme on substantive appointment. Sub-editorial and rewrite experience preferably in field of popular health articles and features. Particulars and references to Editor, British Medical Journal, B.M.A. House, Tavistock Square, London, W.C.1.

CUMBERLAND Education Committee. The Committee invite applications from suitably qualified men or women for the post of County Music Organiser. The post, which is a new one, offers great scope to the successful candidate to assist the development of music in the County. Applicants should be competent to supervise and develop classes in instrumental music, and to advise and assist in work among school children, young people and adults. The salary offered is on Grade (11) of the Soulbury Scale, i.e., £650 × £25—£850 per annum for men, £585 × £20—£680 for women. Further details and application forms can be obtained from the undersigned, on receipt of a stamped addressed envelope, and should be returned within three weeks of this advertisement. Gordon S. Bessey, Director of Education, County Education Office, 5 Portland Sq. Carlisle.

APPLICATIONS are invited from women for appointment as Assistant Organiser of children's care work in the London County Council Education Service. The duties are largely concerned with the training of and advising voluntary workers in social work in connection with the schools and the school health service. A social science diploma or similar qualification is desirable but candidates should have had experience in practical social work. Salary £375 × £15—£500 a year. Senior positions are normally filled by promotion. Applications for positions in the Education Officer's Department and in the Public Health Department should be made on a form which can be obtained from the Education Officer (EO/Estab. 2), The County Hall, London, S.E.1, and should be returned by May 13, 1950. Canvassing disqualifies. (468)

THE International Transportworkers' Federation invites applications for the post of Assistant in its Research Department. Applicants should possess a thorough practical knowledge of the Universal Decimal System since the main task involved would be the classification and filing of books and material. In addition, a reading knowledge of the major European languages is required. Candidates are expected to adhere to the principles of democratic trade unionism. Salary £300 × £50—£450, plus other emoluments, including a 15 per cent pension premium payable after expiry of the probationary year. Applications in writing only, to I.T.F. Research Department, Maritime House, Clapham Common, London, S.W.4.

LONDON County Council. Wanstead House Residential School, Eastern Esplanade, Cliftonville, Margate, for delicate boys and girls aged 7-9. Applications are invited from qualified teachers for appointment to the Council's service and assignment to this school in the first instance as a resident mistress; training in modern methods for juniors and infants, or some experience with infants desirable. Burnham scale salary plus two additional increments throughout the scale and carried beyond the maximum for work in a special school. The teacher appointed will be required to undertake supervisory and extraneous duties outside school hours and at week-ends and will receive emoluments of board, lodging, and washing in respect of these duties. Apply at once on form EO/TS40, obtainable from (stamped addressed foolscap envelope necessary) and returnable to the Education Officer (EO/TS5), County Hall, Westminster Bridge, S.E.1.

L.C.C. Residential Special School Headships. Applications invited for two posts of resident Headmistress, at new schools expected to open during the summer: Bradstow School, Dumpton Park Drive, Broadstairs—for 80 E.S.N. children (mainly girls aged 5-16, but including a few boys aged 5-7. Estimated unit total (March, 1954), 225; Burnham Group 3 (S) head teacher's allowance (subject to review of Burnham scales). Expected to open September. Staplefield Place, 5 miles Haywards Heath, Sussex—for 40 physically handicapped girls aged 5-16. Estimated unit total (March, 1954), 135; Burnham Group 2 (S) head teacher's allowance (subject to review of Burnham scales). Expected to open July. Furnished quarters, board and lodging free for each post, in return for duties outside school hours. London allowance not payable. Further particulars and application forms (TS/10/Special) from Education Officer (TS10), County Hall, Westminster Bridge, S.E.1; send stamped addressed envelope and quote name of school. Candidates who wish to apply for both posts use form TS10C for Staplefield Place. Closing date May 20. (485)

Y.W.C.A., 42 Shakespeare St., Nottingham. Assistant General Secretary required, club and hostel membership 800. Excellent premises. Previous administrative and welfare exp. essential. Commencing salary £250 resident with annual increments, or according to exp. This post offers scope for ability and enterprise. Details to the Secretary.

LITIGATION Clerk required by London solicitor for conducting actions on behalf of injured workmen. Ideal opportunity for young Socialist with intelligence, initiative, imagination and absolute integrity. Knowledge and experience of Factories Act and Common Law desirable. Box 6112.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

GENERAL Secretary to Family Planning Association, married woman, University education, experienced in managing office, committee work, drafting, organisation. Salary £500-£550 according to qualifications. Apply in writing, 64 Sloane St., S.W.1.

DERBYSHIRE Education Committee. Applications are invited for the post of Personal Assistant to the Director of Education. Duties are largely of a secretarial nature, but the post also includes some administrative work. Previous experience of Local Government work (preferably in an Education Office) would be an advantage. Conditions of service will be in accordance with the N.J.C. Scheme for Local Authorities' staffs, and salary will be in the Higher Clerical Division of the Scheme, viz.: Male £440 × £15 to £485 a year; female £354 × £12 to £390 a year. Forms of application and further particulars may be obtained from the undersigned, to whom applications should be returned not later than May 18, 1950. J. L. Longland, Director of Education, County Education Office, St. Mary's Gate, Derby.

THE Council of Pilgrim House invite applications for the position of Secretary to their Citizens' Advice Bureau in Bow Rd. E.3. Social Science Diploma desirable and previous experience essential. Write, giving full details and stating salary required, to The Secretary, The Council, 2 Queen Anne's Gate, Westminster, S.W.1.

ASSISTANT Secretary required September 1 for Y.W.C.A. National Hostels Department. To advise hostel wardens and committees on staffing, catering and equipment, and to survey new work. Domestic Science training an advantage. Salary £400-£450 plus living in London allowance. Apply by letter before May 15th to Personnel Secretary, Y.W.C.A., Great Russell St., London, W.C.1.

A LEADING Advertising Agency require an Information Officer—a person with first-class experience of research, and creative intelligence to pick up and see the practical application of marketing and other trade information in relation to advertising. Write, stating salary expected and giving full particulars of experience, to Media Director, R.C.N., Ltd., 184 Strand, W.C.2.

PADDINGTON Group Hospital Management Committee. Required immediately, Shorthand-Typists (female) for duty at the Portman Clinic (Institute for the Scientific Treatment of Delinquents), 8 Bourdon St., Davies St., W.1. Good speeds essential. Previous experience in psychiatric work an advantage. Salary within the Ministry of Health scales according to age and experience, maximum £308 per annum, plus London weighting. Applications, stating age, qualifications and experience, together with the names and addresses of two referees, to be forwarded to C. R. Jolly, Secretary, 285 Harrow Rd. W.9.

SENIOR Shorthand-typist required. Must be used to accepting responsibility. Interesting work. Salary according to experience and qualifications. Apply, in writing only, to the General Secretary, Workers' Educational Association, Temple House, 27 Portman Sq. London, W.1.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

ORGANISING Secretary (male), with experience in arranging conferences, lecture courses, etc., good speaker, wide interests, own London office, typist, telephone, desires similar work, part or full-time. Box 6726.

BARRISTER, Honours, 36, Captain, Intelligence Corps, 1940-6, fluent French, German, Italian, formerly private secretary, wide interests, seeks permanent progressive post where general knowledge, tact and capacity for hard work will be well rewarded. Box 6107.

SEEKING responsibility and initiative? I have also a car & typewriter. Now Company Secretary, wanting change & scope; prefer small town or country. 32, married, widely educated & travelled. Knowledge accounts, costing, P.A.Y.E., French, surveying. Interested social work, literature, music, book production and binding, autos. Independent & responsible. Minimum £400. Box 5587.

EDUCATED shorthand-typists and secretaries will shortly complete their training and become available for employment. Good knowledge of commercial and professional procedure, secretarial duties, etc. Salaries £5 per week upwards. Interested employers please write/phone Langham Secretarial College, 50 Fitzroy St., London, W.1. EUSton 5811.

OCCASIONAL assistance offered on audits, income tax work and financial investigations. 10s. 6d. per hour. L. W. Jones, 15 Nassington Rd. N.W.3. Hampstead 6666.

CAMBRIDGE graduate, Hons. English, 30, married, one child, literary interests, seeks post. Box 5889.

AUSTRIAN, 25, seeks school job near London, assistant housemother or similar position. Trained Kindergartnerin, excellent needlewoman. In England now. Box 5912.

WANTED: teaching post with little delinquents, on progressive lines. Box 6043.

FAMILY & Children's Case Worker seeks work with voluntary society, country preferred. Box 6248.

STUDENT (own typewriter) wants any job, any period June to Sept. Box 6243.

YOUNG man, 28, studying, requires part-time employment in London area. Available mornings. Box 6283.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT AND WANTED

ASHLEY Court, 7 Leinster Square, W.2. Phone BAY. 4253. Lux. surv. rooms, bed, breakf., dinner opt. Moderate.

RIVERSIDE London house to let furn. July-Aug., 6 rms. & studio. Box 6281.

BEDROOM offered lady 2 or 3 nights weekly. Breakfast facils. Inexpensive. Near Olympia. Ful. 5685. BM/SPK), London, W.C.1.

TO let, 2 comfortable furn. single bed-sitting rooms, separate/together. HAM. 2552 before 10 a.m./after 4 p.m.

IN modern block of flats, comfortable bed-sit. room for professional gent. Use of bath, kitchen, constant hot water, central heating, linen, 'phone. Bay. 2932.

PART furn., 3rd (top floor), two rooms (bed. and kitchen-dining). Use bathroom. Person quiet habits, utmost business hours. Share 'phone. BAY. 5787, 11-3.

AN inexpensive pied-à-terre in well-kept house near Harrods for single gentleman. McFie, 3 Beaufort Gdns., Knightsbridge, S.W.3 Ken. 4367.

SHARE comf. well-furn. house 1 hr. London offered prof. woman/couple. Box 5957.

ANYONE interested occas. wk-end./th. period visits Elizabethan Mansion nr. Dorking? 1/2 guests. Meals by arrgmt. Box 5925.

CHEAP cottage, household help, sea, mountains. Mrs. K. O'Sullivan, Kells Cove, Kerry, Eire.

OPPORTUNITY for quiet holiday in heart of rural England, West Suffolk. Small, simple, furn. thatch cottage suitable for a couple. Avail. June, July, Sept. 3gns. p.w. Write Smith, 22 Old Brompton Rd. S.W.7.

EXCHANGE: Cambridge 3-roomed flat, self-contd., for London flat. Box 5980.

WOULD exchange for one year beautiful furn. modern architect's bungalow (3 bedrooms, central heating, garage) in lovely village nr. Bishop's Stortford for modern furn. flat nr. Holborn/Hampstead. Box 6023.

HARVARD teacher with family of 4 seeks furnished flat/small house in London July-Sept.; not less than 2 bed., 1 sit.-room, plus kit., bath. Reply S. H. Beer, Harvard University, Cambridge, Mass.

COUPLE requires well-furn. 2/3-roomed mod. flat for period May/Sept. District St. John's Wood, Regent's Park. Box 5983.

MIDDLE-aged bank clerk and wife urgently need unfurnished accommodation (three to five rooms) in London, or within easy reach. Flat preferred but would consider sharing house. Suggestions gratefully received. Write Box 6019.

OFFERING a year's rent down and offer for fittings for S.C. unfurnished flat Chelsea or nr. Rent approx. £150 p.a. Bertram, 117 Piccadilly, W.1.

QUIET business couple (no children) require flat in or near London. Box 6106.

WOMAN graduate, 2 yng. children, sks. unf. home London/suburbs, N.W. pref. Max. £3 wkly. Suggestions welc. Box 6036.

PROF. couple require unfurn. accom. W./N.W./Central London. Prepared to undertake conversion for reasonable rental. Box 6057.

YOUNG journalist couple seek 2-3-room s.c. flat or studio flat, South London, from beginning June. Box 6090.

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WANTED, caravan (no size) or simple accom. sleep 2-3, preferably Norfolk/Suffolk, 1-2 weeks August-Sept. Box 5890.

OXFORD, Bicester, or 5-10 miles either; couple newly returned duty abroad seek immed. short let furn. house or part, or offer permanent let/sale. Box 6108.

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HOLIDAYS at the "Haven Guest House," New St., Torrington, Devon. Personal attention. Good food. Comf. beds. Lovely garden. Good centre for tours. Reas. terms.

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WHERE TO STAY, etc.—*continued*

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CONNEMARA, Eire: seaside farmhouse accom. (Aug. booked). Bathing., garage. Rooms. £4 p.w. Nee, Renvyle, Co. Galway.

COME and enjoy your holidays on the West Coast of Ireland and stay at Avondale House, Mulrany, Co. Mayo.

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BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

HAMMERSMITH Bookshop. Books bought. Opposite Met. Stn., W.6. RIV. 6807.

BOOKS, etc.—*continued*

A-BOMB Control—what next? The rock-bottom incentives for reconciling Russia and America are clearly presented for the first time in "Ridley's Review" (Spring number now on sale). Panel of contributors on questions of Psychology, Western and Eastern Philosophy, the problem of Values, Extra-Sensory Perception, Psychical Research, Mysticism, etc., includes Dr. James Drever, Bertrand Russell, Dr. R. H. Thouless, Prof. A. E. Heath, Olaf Stapledon, Dr. William Brown, C. E. M. Joad, Aldous Huxley: Editor, Phillip Butler. 2s. 6d. quarterly from all bookstalls, or 10s. 6d. a year post free from Desk 22, Ridley & Co., 47 Princes Gate, S.W.7.

BOOKS. First and Ltd. Editions of Modern Authors, Bibliography, Psychology, Motor Cars, &c. List from Marcet, 13 Speer Rd. Thames Ditton, Surrey.

THE Cambridge Journal—a monthly review of Literature, History, Philosophy, Politics, Economics, etc., edited by Michael Oakeshott, Denis Brogan, C. W. Guillebaud, Michael Postan, Basil Willey and T. F. D. Williams. May issue now ready. Of all booksellers, 3s. net (30s. p.a.).

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SOVIET settlement of labour disputes, linguistics, music, psychology, literary criticism, science. Authoritative articles from Soviet sources. Anglo-Soviet Journal XI.1 (2s. 6d. post 3d.), 14 Kensington Sq., W.8, and booksellers.

GERMAN books: Libris, 50 Harben Rd., London, N.W.6, Pri. 6990. Books bought.

DEUTSCHE Buecher Gesucht! R. & E. Streiter, 64 Tulgarth Rd. W.14. FUL. 7934.

AMERICAN Readers: Books reviewed/advertised in these pages are readily obtainable: simply send order & check in $ for amount advertised to Robt. Bentley Co., 10 P.O. Sq., Boston 9, Mass (1$ = 14s.). Add 30c. for shipping, etc., per book.

MISCELLANEOUS

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PIANISTS—Violinists. Rapid Fingering. Flexible wrists, octave playing made easy (pianists), Vibrato (violinists). Descrips. 5d. "Finger Magic" (3½d. stp.), Director, Cowling Institute, 60 New Oxford St. W.C.1.

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ENTERTAINMENTS

STRATFORD-on-Avon 1950 Shakespeare Festival. Evgs. 7.30. Mats. Wed., Sat., 2.30. All seats bookable through principal agents or Box Office, Memorial Theatre.

ARTS (Tem. 3334). Evgs. (ex. Mon.) 7. Sat. & Sun. 5 & 8. "Ivanov." Members.

MERCURY, Park 5700. May 9. Evgs. 7.30. Mat. Sat. 3. "Angna Enters." Mime.

UNITY. "Hell is What you Make It." Wed.-Sun. 7.30. EUS. 5391. Ass. Mem. 2s. 6d.

PLAYERS' Theatre, Villiers St., W.C.2. "Late Joys" nightly. Members.

THE Theatre Club, Crouch Hill, N.8. "Arms and the Man," from Wed., May 10, to Sat., May 20 inclusive. Members only.

PEOPLE'S Palace, Adv. 4244, Sun., May 7th, 7.30: "La Maison du Maltais" (A).

I.C.A. International Art Films, introduced by Pierre Francastel. 8 p.m. Thurs., May 11, at French Institute, Queensberry Place, S.W.7. I.C.A. members only. (Membership enquiries Institute of Contemporary Arts, 17 Dover St., W.1. Gro. 6186.)

"DIE Dreigroschen Oper": G. W. Pabst's masterpiece 1931. Film Show at Anglo-French Art Centre, Cun. 7854. May 11, 8.45 p.m. Film Socy. Mems. & mems. guests 2s. 6d.

LONDON Film Club. Next programmes: 7 May 11, San Francisco (Van Dyke); May 20, Morocco (Von Sternberg), Lose White Sail (Leposhin). Marx Bros.-Preston Sturges Comedy Festival forthcoming. Members only. Particulars, Secy., 20-21 Tooks Court, E.C.4.

BRITISH-Czechoslovak Friendship League, 20 Pont St., S.W.1. Tuesday, May 9, 7.30 p.m. Evening of Czechoslovak Films. Evening meal from 6.30. All welcome.

"THE Marriage of Figaro." Production by City Opera Club at Toynbee Hall; May 11-13 at 7 p.m. (mat. 13th at 2.30). Tickets 3s. & 5s. RIV. 6369 or at Theatre ½ hour prior to performance.

LONDON Symphony Orchestra. This Sun. at 3. Royal Albert Hall. Overture, "The Marriage of Figaro," Mozart; Concerto Grosso No. 2 for Strings (World Première), Alwyn; Piano Concerto No. 4, Beethoven; Concerto Grosso No. 2 for Strings (repeat performance), Alwyn; Symphony No. 4 in B flat, Beethoven. Conductor: Sir Malcolm Sargent. Soloist: Moura Lympany. Presented by London Symphony Orchestra, Ltd., in assn. A.C.G.T.B. (Mgt. Harold Holt, Ltd.) 2s., 3s. 6d., 5s., 7s. 6d. Ken. 8212.

MENUHIN.* London Symphony Orchestra. Conductor: Rafael Kubelik* (Presented by Henry Wood Concert Society). Royal Albert Hall, Wed., May 10, at 8, Brandenburg Concerto No. 6 (Bach), Violin Concerto in D (Brahms), Symphony No. 4 (Dvorak). (* By arr. with Harold Holt, Ltd.). Tickets 30s. to 5s. Gallery (standing) 2s. 6d., from Hall (Ken. 8212), usual Agents and Ibbs & Tillett, Ltd., 124 Wigmore St., W.1 (Wel. 8418).

MORLEY College Concerts Society, Central Hall, Friday next, at 7.30. Haydn: Mass in B flat "Maria Theresa." Stravinsky: Ode for Orch. (1st public perf.); Gibbons: Anthems. Elsie Morison, Mary Jarred, Max Worthley, Robert Irwin, David MacCallum, Ralph Downes, Morley College Choir, Royal Philharmonic Orchestra. Conductors: Michael Tippet, Walter Goehr. Tickets: 7s. 6d., 5s., 2s. 6d., at Hall (Whi. 4259), Chappell's (May. 7600) and usual Agents.

CARL Dolmetsch, Wigmore Hall, Recorder (English Flute) Recital. May 10, 6.30. Assisd. by J. Saxby, E. Hunt & Strings. Telemann, Corelli, Bobell, etc. New Sonata by Murrill. 9s. 6d., 6s. 6d., 3s. 6d., at Hall & Chappell's, 50 New Bond St., W.1.

JOYCE and Helen Gow. Song and Pianoforte Recital. Cowdray Hall, Mon., May 15, at 7.30. Tickets: 8s. 6d., 5s. 6d., 2s. 6d., from usual Agents and Ibbs & Tillett, Ltd., 124 Wigmore St., W.1.

SOUTH Place Sunday Concerts. May 7, 6.30. Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq. Holborn. Musician' Benevolent Fund Concert. Hirsch String Quartet: Harry Isaacs, Sibelius D mi; Mozart E fl. K.428 St. Qts. Franck Pf. Quintet. 1s.

BEN Uri Gallery, 14 Portman St., W.1. Sun., May 7, at 8 p.m. Lieder Recital by Eva Leonti & Walter Gruner (Mahler, Meyerbeer, Saint-Saens, Kowalsky, etc.). Non-mems. 1s.

VICTORIA Kingsley. Songs with Guitar. Reappearance after South American Tour. Wigmore Hall, Fri., May 12, at 7. Tickets: 9s., 6s., 3s., at Hall and Agents. Imperial Concert Agency, 20 Kingly St., W.1.

ALL Nations Social Club, Ltd. Dance at Caxton Hall, Westminster, Saturday, May 6, 7.30-11.30 p.m. Chris Stone's Orchestra (under personal direction of Chris Stone). Licensed bar. Running buffet. Spot prizes. Evening dress optional. Tickets 5s. 6d., at door. Non-members welcome.

EXHIBITIONS

MURAL Painting. 1st Exhibition of the Society of Mural Painters. New Burlington Galleries, Old Burlington Street, open till May 8. Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat., 10-6. Tues., Thurs., 10-8. Admission 1s.

GARDEN Furniture. There is a display of garden furniture of metal, cane, elm and teak to be found at Heal & Son, 196 Tottenham Court Rd. W.1.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

FOYLES Art Gallery, Charing Cross Rd., W.C.2. Paintings & Drawings by Members of the Campden Hill Club. 9-6 daily (inc. Sats.) until May 27. Adm. free.

SCOTTISH Crafts. Tweeds, Tartans, Silverware, Pottery, Basketwork and a selection of Edinburgh Tapestries. Heal & Son, 196 Tottenham Court Road, W.1.

PAUL Maze Watercolours. Daily 10-5.30. Saturdays 10-1. Marlborough, 17-18 Old Bond St., W.1.

STANLEY Spencer: Recent Paintings, including four of "The Resurrection" series; 9.30-6, Sat. 9.30-1, Tooth's, 31 Bruton St. W.1.

NEW English Art Club at Royal Institute Galleries, 195 Piccadilly, 10-5 (Sundays 2-5).

BLACKHEATH Art Society. Annual exhib. at Tranquil Hall, Tranquil Vale, Blackheath Village, May 7-21. Daily 11 a.m.-7 p.m.

GIMPEL Fils, 50 South Molton St., W.1. Recent Oils by Pic and Potworowski. Beginning May 9.

ST. George's Gallery, 81 Grosvenor St., W.1. Spring Exhibition. Daily 10-6, Sats. 10-1.

TWENTY Brook St.: Paintings, etc., by Angna Enters; also by Cyril Mann.

MAPS, Ships & Things of the Sea. A Collection of old maps, ship models, shell work, marine paintings, etc. Heal & Son, 196 Tottenham Court Rd., W.1.

HANOVER Gallery, 32A St. George St. W.1. Recent works by Lucian Freud. Engravings by Roger Vieillard. Until May 27.

ASIAN Institute Gallery, 17 Irving St., Leics. Sq. Originals & Reproductions by Asian Artists. Books on Yoga, Music, Art.

LITTLE Gallery, 10 Piccadilly Arcade, S.W.1. Gouaches by John Paddy Carstairs. April 24-May 27.

PAUL Alexander Gallery. Drawings by Patricia Cahnan. April 19-May 13. 190 Kensington Church Street, W.8.

LEFEVRE Gallery, 30 Bruton St., W.1. Raoul Dufy, Paintings and Gouaches. 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

BEN Uri Gallery, 14 Portman St., W.1. Cartoons and Caricatures. Originals by famous contemporaries. Daily 10-5. Sun. 2.30-5 p.m.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork St., W.1. Recent paintings by Patrick Heron; First London Exhibition of paintings by Jacques Chapiro. Hours 10-6. Sat. 10-1.

ROLAND, Browse & Delbanco, 19 Cork St., W.1. English and French Paintings, 1770-1930. Fuseli, Gericault, Courbet, Whistler, Matisse, Sickert, etc.

BERKELEY Galleries, 20 Davies St., W.1. Archibald Ziegler's Israel Landscapes and other Paintings.

ALA. Gallery, 15 Lisle St., Leicester Sq. The Coalminers: Paintings, drawings by coalminers and artists, 11-6, Sats. 1pm.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

THE Newman Assocn., 31 Portman Sq., London, W.1. Sun., May 7 at 3.15 p.m. "Mental Abnormality and Criminal Responsibility" by a Priest, Psychiatrist & Lawyer.

"ROAD Traffic Laws & Their Administration." Address by Prof. A. L. Goodhart, K.B.E., K.C., Caxton Hall, Westminster, Tuesday, May 9, 6.30 p.m. Chairman: Viscount Maugham. Admission free. Pedestrians' Association.

EXECUTIVES and Managers are invited to hear Mr. John Williams, LL.B. (Lond.) on "The Executive & his Contract," at the "Feathers Hotel," Broadway, S.W.1, on Monday, May 15, at 8 p.m. Admission free.

CENTRAL London Fabian Socy. Wed., May 10, 8 p.m. N.T.U. Club, 12 Gt. Newport St., W.C.2. "The Crisis (?) in the Universities." Dr. C. E. M. Joad. Adm. 1s. 6d.

"THE Implications of Marshall Aid." A Discussion arranged by the Personalist Group at Conway Hall, Thurs., May 11, 7.30.

"BRITAIN Must Not Betray The African Protectorates!" Liberal Party Demonstration, Central Hall, Westminster, May 16, at 7 p.m. Speakers include Lady Violet Bonham Carter, Leary Constantine, Dingle Foot, Sir Andrew McFadyean. Adm. free. Reserved tickets (5s., 2s. 6d., 1s.), obtainable from 22 Gayfere St., S.W.1.

"PSYCHOLOGY and Religion." Lecture by Dr. Robert Assagioli (of Florence). Sunday, May 7, at 3.30 p.m. Liberal Jewish Synagogue, 28 St. John's Wood Rd., N.W.8 (opposite Lord's Cricket Ground). All welcome.

LUNCH-Hour Talks on Yoga, Tuesdays at 1 p.m., at Caxton Hall, S.W.1. May 9: The Quiet Mind. May 16: Can a Christian follow Yoga? May 23: Spiritual Training, May 30: Psychological Methods in Yoga.

HYPNOTHERAPY. Demonstration Lecture by Warne-Beresford on Tues., May 9, at 7.30 p.m., Caxton Hall, Westminster. Tickets (reserved) 3s. 6d., from 5 Gillingham St., Victoria (nr. Victoria Station).

WATERGATE Theatre, 29 Buckingham St., Strand. TRA. 6261. Rsm Gopal, Continuation of Lecture Demonstrations of Indian Classical Dancing. Mon., May 8 till Sun., May 14, 8 p.m. Full Club membership now 15s.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

TAGORE Anniversary: Sat., May 6. Chair: Rt. Hon. Earl of Listowel. Readings from Tagore: Miriam Karlin. Music, songs and dances of India. Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq. W.C.1. 7.30 p.m. Tickets 5s. and 2s. 6d. from India League, 47 Strand W.C.2. TEM. 3689.

BRITISH-Polish Friendship Society, 81 Portland Place, W.1 Tel: Welbeck 6494). Mr. Abe Moffat (President, Scottish Area National Union of Mineworkers, who led delegation to Poland, July, 1949) on "The Polish Trade Union Movement," Fri., May 12, at 7.45. Chair: Cmmdr. E. P. Young (R.N., retd.). Adm. free. Refreshments. All welc.

I.C.A. Music Discussions: May 9, Music in Film. Chairman: Alan Rawsthorne. 8 p.m. Egyptian Education Bureau, 4 Chesterfield Gardens, Park Lane, W.1. Institute of Contemporary Arts members only. (Membership enquiries welcome, 6 Fitzroy St., W.1.)

NEW Renascence School, 20 Rutland Gate, S.W.7. Public Talk, Thursday, May 11, at 6.30 p.m. "Voice & Character," by L. A. G. Strong. Chairman: Claude Houghton.

MR. A. W. Malcolm, Principal of a Hostel-School for Maladjusted Children, will speak on "The Purpose of the Hostel-School," on May 12, at 17 Great Cumberland Place, Marble Arch, at 8.15 p.m. All welcome.

THE Linguists' Club, 20 Grosvenor Place, S.W.1. May 13, at 6 p.m. Monsieur J. Masseron (Alliance Française): "D'où vient la langue française?"

THURSDAY May 11, "Western Union." Lecture by Miss S. C. Mackay, of M.O.I., Nomads Club, 12 Great Newport St., W.C.1. 7.45 p.m. Visitors 1s. 6d.

HYPNOTISM. Demonstration by William Hadsley in Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, Holborn. Fri., May 12, at 7.30 p.m. Adm. Reserved, 4s. & 3s., unreserved 2s. Bookings and tickets from the Caretaker.

SOUTH Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq. W.C.1. Sunday meeting at 11 o'clock. May 7, Dr. Maurice Burton, D.Sc.: "Biology and Human Behaviour." Adm. free.

THEOSOPHY, Public Lecture, Sunday, 7 p.m. United Lodge of Theosophists, 17 Gt. Cumberland Place, Marble Arch. All welc. May 7: Special Meeting—White Lotus Day (Commemorating the passing of H. P. Blavatsky).

H. J. Blackham: "The Significance of Kierkegaard." At the Ethical Church, 42 Inverness Place, Queensway, W.2. Sunday, May 7, at 11 a.m.

SWAMI Ghanananda at Kingsway Hall, Thurs., 7.30, May 11: Maya & Freedom. Meditation. All welcome.

BUDDHIST Society, 106 Gt. Russell St., Public Lecture, Wed., May 10, 6.30. Buddhism Applied (I). The Three Jewels. Mr. Christmas Humphreys.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

GRESHAM College, Basinghall St., E.C.2. 4 Lectures on "The Skills of English Metre"—I, by the Professor in Rhetoric, Nevill Coghill, M.A., on Mon. to Thurs., May 8 to 11. Lectures are free and begin 5.30 p.m.

THE Fabian Society is holding a week-end Conference at Brighton from May 12-14. Subject "Labour's Tactics." Speakers: Morgan Phillips, J. P. W. Mallalieu, M.P., Roy Jenkins, M.P. Charge £2 10s. Apply: Fabian Society, 11 Dartmouth St., London, S.W.1.

ASHRIDGE.—Course 21, May 12-15, General. The King's Peace. Sir Theobald Mathew, K.B.E., M.C.; English Country Life, S. P. B. Mais; The Actor's Point of View in the Theatre, Marius Goring; The Art of Public Speaking, Captain John Cowie, C.B.E.; Finland To-day, Miss D. Neville-Rolfe; Rebuilding Education in Germany, L. H. Sutton. Course 23, May 22-25, deals with The Modern House and Flat, Planning the Home. What you can Buy, Colour and Pattern in interior decoration, The Kitchen. Applications to Secretary, Ashridge, Berkhamsted, Herts. Tel.: Little Gaddesden 3191.

ST. Anne's House, 57 Dean St., London, W.1. (Tel.: GER 5006/7.) Summer Term, 1950. The programme of House activities will commence on Monday, May 8, and will include the following courses: Mondays, May 8, 15 and 22, at 6.30 p.m.: "Berdyaev Memorial Lectures," by Dr. Nicolas Zernov. Wednesdays, May 10, 17 and 24, at 8 p.m.: Three lectures on "William Blake" by C. H. de Saussmarez. Thursdays from May 4 to June 29, at 6.30 p.m.: "A Generation of British Drama," with play readings by Students of the Central School of Speech Training and Dramatic Art. Adm. 2s. for single lectures. Full programme on application to the Secretary.

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LECTURE COURSES, ETC.—continued

"EDUCATION for Living": Central London Fabian Society Conference. Sat./Sun., May 20-21. 57 Dean St., W.1. K. C. Barnes and others examine present school system & Labour's educ. policy. Sp. Apply: M. Johnstone, 198 Somerwell Rd. S. Harrow.

PEARSON Foundation College. Special week-end Conference, May 20-21. "Psychology and the Unseen." Please write Registrar for Syllabus and register well in advance: 10 South Bolton Gardens, S.W.5. FRO. 0360.

KENT Education Committee in Association with the University of Oxford Delegacy for Extra-Mural Studies. Courses for Intending Youth Employment Officers, 1950-51. The Committee and the Delegacy again propose to provide training for intending Youth Employment Officers at Lamorbey Park, Sidcup, Kent, during the academic year 1950-51. It is expected that two courses will be provided: (i) A course lasting two terms (September-March) for candidates who have obtained certain basic qualifications in the Social Sciences, e.g. a Social Science Diploma or a Degree in relevant subjects, e.g. Sociology, Economics or Psychology. (ii) A course lasting one academic year (September-July) for certain other candidates, including (a) graduates of Universities who are not eligible for the shorter course; (b) qualified teachers; (c) other students, aged 25 or over, of good general education, who have obtained appropriate experience in industrial or social work, and have continued their general education since leaving school. The arrangements for the courses may, however, be modified when the report of the Committee on the Recruitment and Training of Youth Employment Officers is published. In the meantime provisional application for admission to either course should be made to the Tutor to Youth Employment Officers Courses, Adult Education Centre, Lamorbey Park, Sidcup, Kent.

LANGHAM Secretarial College. Thorough training for educated girls leads to well-paid private secretarial posts at home and overseas. Vacancies, May 31, Sept. 4. Final year students may enter provisionally for Sept. Prospectus: Secretary, 30 Fitzroy St., London, W.1. EUSton 5811.

HOME Study for Degrees, etc. Postal tuition for London Matric., Spec. Ent., B.A., B.Sc., B.Sc.Econ.; Sch. Cert., H.S.C. Low fees. Prosp. from C. D. Parker, M.A., LL.D., Dept. VH93, Wetsey Hall, Oxford (Est. 1894).

SUMMER SCHOOLS

UNIVERSITY of London. Department of Extra-Mural Studies (University Extension Courses). The following residential Vacation Schools have been arranged, and applications will be considered from adults interested in the study schemes. Students may attend for one or two weeks. Fees will be from £4 5s. to £4 10s. per week. 1. May 24-31: Juniper Hall, near Dorking. Field Course in "Plant Ecology." 2. July 29-August 12: Crofton Grange School, near Buntingford, Herts. "The English Community." 3. August 2-16: Juniper Hall, near Dorking. Field Course in the Geography of the Weald. Particulars of the Schools can be obtained from the Director, Department of Extra-Mural Studies, Senate House, W.C.1.

SUMMER School of Music (Dir. William Glock). Bryanston, Aug. 12-Sept. 2. Bach: Ricercare; excerpts "Art of Fugue"; Brandenburg Concertos Nos. 3, 6; D minor Clavier Concerto. Mozart: Piano Concerto in E flat, K.449. Bartok: Divertimento for Strings; Music for Strings, Celesta and Percussion. Frank Martin: Symphonie Concertante for Piano, Harp, Harpsichord and Strings. Boris Blacher: Partita. Boyd Neel Orchestra, conducted by Georges Enesco; Monique Haas (Piano). For full details send stamp to John Amis, S.S. of M., Ltd., 29 Holland Villas Rd. W.14.

HOLIDAY School of Music, Shrewsbury, Aug. 19 to Sept. 2 (Vocal & Instrumental): Sept. 3-10 (Brass Bandsmen). Tutors include Alan Bush, Joseph Lewis, Dr. Denis Wright, Harry Mortimer. S.A.E. for prospectus 19: Workers' Music Association, 17 Bishops Bridge Rd. London, W.2.

WORLD Problems—Week-end Conferences in pleasant surroundings—May 13 to 14: The United Nations and its Agencies; May 27 & 28: Russia; June 10 & 11: The Present World Crisis, Is there a way out? Also summer schools at which many countries will be represented. Few vacancies. Apply immediately: Registrar, I.P.C., 10 South Bolton Gdns., London, S.W.5.

REGISTER now for International Summer University—July 15-Aug. 12, Rochampton, London. Weekly courses, "Food and People"; "Economic Problems"; "International Affairs"; "Higher Education." Speakers of international repute, informal discussions, social activities. Inclusive weekly cost £5 10s. Apply Secy., I.S.U., 59 Gloucester Pl. London, W.1.

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PAINTING School, Riviera, July-Sept. Partics.: Secretary, 82 Heath Drive, N.W.3.

More Classified Adverts. on Pages 329, 330, 331

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